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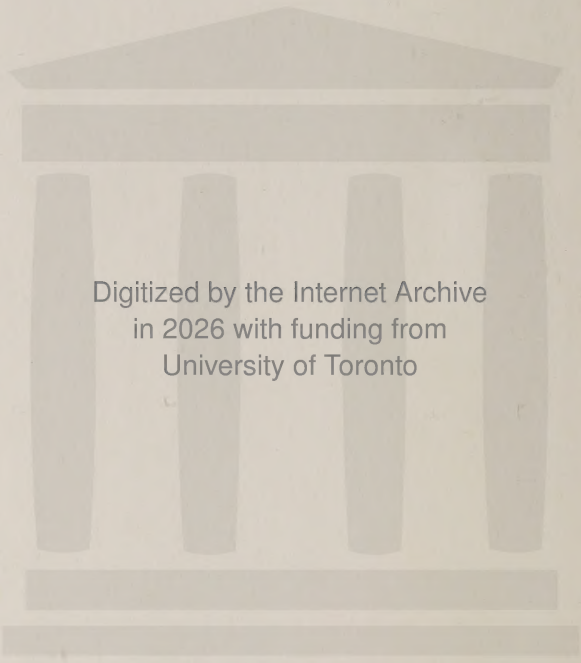
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FATHER AND THE BOYS

By GEORGE ADE

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th St., New York

Pollyanna

The glad play, by Catherine Chisholm Cushing, after the novel by Eleanor H. Porter. 5 males, 6 females. 2 interiors. Costumes, modern. Plays 2¼ hours. An orphan girl is thrust into the home of a maiden aunt. In spite of the trials that beset her, she manages to find something to be glad about, and brings light into sunless lives. Finally Pollyanna straightens out the love affairs of her elders, and finds happiness for herself in Jimmy. "Pollyanna" gives a better appreciation of people and the world. It reflects the humor and humanity that gave the story such wonderful popularity among young and old.

Produced in New York, and for two seasons on tour. Royalty, $25.00. Price, 75 cents.

Martha By-the-Day

An optimistic comedy in 3 acts, by Julie M. Lippmann, author of the "Martha" stories. 5 males, 5 females. 3 interiors. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

Full of quaint humor, old-fashioned, homely sentiment, the kind that people who see the play will recall and chuckle over tomorrow and the next day.

Miss Lippmann has herself adapted her successful book for the stage and has selected from her novel the most telling incidents, infectious comedy and homely sentiment for the play, and the result is thoroughly delightful. Royalty, $25. Price, 60 cents.

Seventeen

A comedy of youth, in 4 acts, by Booth Tarkington. 8 males, 6 females. 1 exterior, 2 interiors. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

It is the tragedy of William Sylvanus Baxter that he has ceased to be sixteen and is not yet eighteen. Seventeen is not an age, it is a disease.

In his heart William knows all the tortures and delights of love. But he is still sent by his mother on errands of the most humiliating sort and depends on his father for every nickel, the use of which he must justify before he gets it.

"Silly" Bill fell in love with Lola, the "Baby-Talk Lady," a vapid little flirt. To woo her in a manner worthy of himself (and of her) he steals his father's evening clothes. When his woodings become a nuisance to the neighborhood, his mother steals them back, and has them let out to fit the middle-aged form of her husband, thereby keeping William at home.

But when it comes to the "Baby-Talk Lady's" good-bye dance, not to be present was unendurable. Now William again gets the dress suit, and how he wears it at the party, and Genesis discloses the fact that the proud garment is in reality his father's makes up the story of the play.

"Seventeen" is a work of exquisite human sympathy and delicious humor. Royalty, $25.00. Price, 75 cents.

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed
Free on Request

Father and the Boys

A COMEDY-DRAMA

BY
GEORGE ADE

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

THE MEN

LEMUEL MOREWOOD—*A wool broker.*
WILLIAM RUFUS MOREWOOD—*His elder son.*
THOMAS JEFFERSON MOREWOOD—*His second son.*
MAJOR BELLAMY DIDSWORTH—*Man about town.*
TOBIAS FORD—MOREWOOD'S *lawyer.*
"TUCK" BARTHOLOMEW—*Apostle of manly sport.*
"CAL" HIGBEE—*A miner.*
WILLIAM HOLTON—*Office man.*
EVANS—*A butler.*
CLERK *at the Eldorado Hotel.*

THE WOMEN

BESSIE BRAYTON—*A Western product.*
EMILY DONELSON—*Living at the* MOREWOOD *home.*
FRANCES BERKELEY—*Living next door.*
MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD—*An important matron.*
MRS. PRENTICE TROMLEY—*Second in importance.*
MRS. PEASLEY—*The housekeeper.*
Also, box-holders at the race course.

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SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I—*Office of Morewood & Sons, New York City.*

ACT II—*Library of the Morewood home. The evening of the day following.*

ACT III—*Club House, Sea View Race Course. A month later.*

ACT IV—*Office of the Eldorado Hotel, High Strike Camp, near Goldfields, Nevada. Four days later.*

Father and the Boys

ACT I

SCENE: *Office of Morewood & Sons, supposed to be in one of the old-time business blocks of the city. A large and a somewhat plainly decorated apartment, two windows at rear looking out on street. Office is on the first floor up from street. At* L. *up stage double swinging doors communicating with hallway and street. Down stage from this door and against wall at* L. *a desk, plainly marked "William R. Morewood." It is surmounted by small silver tea-service, bouquet, several photographs in fancy frames, cigarettes in holder and any other fancy articles which may suggest a rather luxurious type of fashionable man. Above this desk on wall may be pictures of cross-country riding, the hunt club, etc., any pictures which might appeal to the taste of a young man infatuated by the glamor of the exclusive set. Chair with rug at this desk and one or two chairs near it. There is a large flat-top desk at* C.*—old and weather-beaten and serviceable—extending from* R. *to* L., *plainly marked "Lemuel Morewood." Ordinary desk paraphernalia with letters and baskets, a spindle with papers filed on it, a few books, etc.*

Two practicable doors at R. R.1 *leads to private office or consultation room.* R.2 *is a work-*

room for secretary. Between the doors a desk similar in pattern to the one at L., *plainly marked "Thomas J. Morewood." On top of this desk two pairs of boxing-gloves; Indian clubs and dumb-bells lying on floor beside desk. Crossed fencing foils and tennis racquets on wall, together with pictures of football teams, boat-races and any track events. Possibly two or three silver cups on shelf or on top of desk. There must be a decided contrast between the two sides of the room in the general scheme of decoration, so that the spectators may learn merely by looking at the picture something of the characteristics of the two sons.*

At Rise *of curtain* Mr. Holton, *a mild-mannered young person employed as a sort of bookkeeper and secretary, is distributing mail to the different desks. He has a bundle of letters in his hand, and walks from one desk to another, sorting them out.* Frances Berkeley *and* Emily Donelson *enter. Street costumes suitable for motoring trip.* Emily *is a small and dainty girl of the demure type, sweet and amiable, but of a rather timid nature.* Frances *is robust, breezy, self-confident—may be much larger than* Emily *in order to give good contrasting types.*

Emily. Good morning, Mr. Holton. All alone?

Holton. Yes, Miss Donelson. Good morning, Miss Berkeley.

Frances. *(Nodding and smiling)* We are here to capture Mr. Morewood.

Holton. Which Mr. Morewood? *(Smiling—*r. *of* c., *beside desk* c.*)* Three of them now.

Emily. We hardly expected to find Billy. *(Looking at desk at* l. *and laughing.)* Look—orchids! I suppose some of his admirers——

FRANCES. *(Annoyed)* Emily, why do you always—— *(Pauses.)*

HOLTON. The florist brings them—every morning.

FRANCES. I don't see any—— *(Looking* R.*)* Look at Tommy's cosy corner! *(Indicating* R. *and laughing.)*

EMILY. *(Resenting her tone)* At least, you could tell it was a man's desk. (FRANCES *laughs again. To* HOLTON*)* You think that Uncle——

HOLTON. He went out for his daily crackers and milk—sure to be back in ten or fifteen minutes. *(Goes* U.R.C.*)*

(On this line MAJOR BELLAMY DIDSWORTH *enters* L. DIDSWORTH *is a pompous, middle-aged, iron-grey bachelor, well-dressed, white spats, walking stick. An American with English mannerisms, affects a rather breezy and cordial manner. The young ladies have met him, but do not know him well.)*

DIDSWORTH. *(Seeing young ladies)* Ah—good morning. It is Miss Donelson, is it not? *(Extending his hand to her.)*

EMILY. *(Not very cordial)* Yes, Major.

DIDSWORTH. *(To* FRANCES*)* And this is—Miss—

(EMILY *moves to desk at* C. *Sits* C. *Back of* FRANCES.*)*

FRANCES. *(Prompting him)* Berkeley.

DIDSWORTH. Both looking charming this morning—you are—really. *(To* HOLT*)* Mr. Morewood in to-day? *(Up* L.C. *slightly.)*

HOLTON. Which Mr. Morewood?

DIDSWORTH. Billy—of course.

HOLTON. *(Still sorting out letters at* TOM'S *desk*

R. *or, having distributed them, may be opening those of a business character which he has deposited on* LEMUEL'S *desk.)* Hasn't been in to-day. In fact—hasn't been in this week.

(DIDSWORTH *goes to* BILLY'S *desk* L. *Crosses* C. EMILY *is at* LEM'S *desk, writing a note, with* FRANCES *standing beside her,* L. *of her.)*

EMILY. If we leave a line here on the desk he'll get it?

HOLTON. I'll call his attention to it. *(Crosses to desk* C.*)*

(EMILY *rises and she and* FRANCES *start* L.*)*

DIDSWORTH. Ah, young ladies, are you going to deprive me of the pleasure of your society?

FRANCES. *(With slight sarcasm)* No, Major. We are going to deprive ourselves of the pleasure of your society. *(Exits* L.3.*)*

DIDSWORTH. *(*L.C., *rather taken aback)* Oh!

EMILY. *(To* HOLTON*)* Be sure and give him the note.

HOLTON. Yes, Miss Donelson—certainly.

EMILY. *(As she follows* FRANCES *out)* Thank you. *(Gives a slight nod to* DIDSWORTH *as she goes* L. *Both exeunt* L. DIDSWORTH *drops into chair at* BILLY'S *desk.* HOLTON *standing, back of* LEMUEL'S *desk, opening mail.)*

DIDSWORTH. *(To* HOLTON, *sits* L.*)* I say—regarding the young ladies. I never can remember which is which. Mr. Morewood adopted—let's see—the large one, didn't he?

HOLTON. No, sir. The smaller—Miss Donelson. I don't know that he adopted her. Her father was in business with Mr. Morewood years ago.

DIDSWORTH. She's been living at the Morewood home?

HOLTON. About two years.

DIDSWORTH. And the other one—Miss—ah—Berkeley?

HOLTON. The Berkeleys live next door to the Morewoods—old friends.

DIDSWORTH. Berkeley—the railway man?

HOLTON. Yes, sir.

DIDSWORTH. I think I've met him at the club.

(On this line "TUCK" *enters* L. *He is the type of athletic instructor who might run a boxing academy or work around a club. Carries small, pouchy hand-bag. His make-up is just a bit sporty, but nothing very loud or extravagant.)*

TUCK. *(As he walks in)* Mr. Morewood in?

HOLTON. Which Mr. Morewood?

TUCK. Tommy—of course. Got a date with him. *(Looks around and sees* DIDSWORTH.*)* How are you, Major?

DIDSWORTH. *(Patronizingly)* Why, Tuck! What are you doing in the business district?

TUCK. Oh, a side line—I'm actin' as punchin' bag for Tommy Morewood. He keeps himself in condition by tryin' to knock me stiff and cold.

HOLTON. *(As* TUCK *walks over toward* DIDSWORTH*)* You're a bit early for Mr. Morewood. Will you wait?

TUCK. Sure. *(Puts bag on desk* C. HOLTON *picks up several letters of a business character and exits* R.2.*)*

DIDSWORTH. *(*L.*)* That good thing you gave me yesterday didn't go through.

TUCK. *(*L.C.*)* You know why, don't you?

DIDSWORTH. I know there's always some reason.

TUCK. *(*L.C.*)* They put up the wrong boy. Wish

I'd seen you after the fourth race. Did you have that Fanny K. thing?

DIDSWORTH. I regret to say that I did not. My horse hadn't come in when I left the track.

TUCK. Wish I'd seen you.

DIDSWORTH. There's a certain might-have-been sadness that seems to envelop all of my track operations.

(On this line TOM *enters* L.—*a husky, good-looking young fellow in rather negligee street costume. Carries suitcase bearing faded foreign labels.)*

TOM. *(As he enters—slaps* TUCK *on back—to* L.C.*)* Ah, Tuck, my boy—right on time, eh?

TUCK. Ready for trouble.

TOM. *(Seeing* DIDSWORTH L.C.*)* Why, Major! Up before two o'clock? What's the trouble—insomnia?

(TUCK *crosses back of desk* C. *to* R.)

DIDSWORTH. *(Laughing)* Business engagement with your brother.

TOM. So Billy's getting to be a business man, is he?

DIDSWORTH. Oh, nothing very serious.

TOM. I can make a wise guess what it is. *(Crossing to* TUCK—R.C., *slapping* TUCK *on back.)* How are you to-day—fit?

TUCK. Good enough for you. *(Exits* R.I.)

TOM. *(At his desk)* Got to take off a couple o' pounds. Too many late suppers. *(Crosses to his desk at* R., *putting suitcase alongside desk, and then looking at the mail carelessly and picking up boxing gloves.* TUCK *enters* R.I., *puts on gloves.)*

DIDSWORTH. Where does the battle take place?

TOM. In the private office. Had a shower-bath put in—makes a dandy place. *(On this line* BILLY *enters* L. BILLY *is smaller, of less athletic build than* TOM, *and much more careful in his attire. He is not the languid, degenerate type, but a fastidious dresser and just a bit inclined to play the swell.* TOM, *to* DIDSWORTH, *as he sees* BILLY) Here comes your sassiety butterfly. How are you, Billy?

BILLY. Tom, I don't think I shall live through the day.

TOM. What is it, Billy?

BILLY. They called it a small dance—it lasted until four A. M. *(Sees* DIDSWORTH.) Why, Major! Sorry if I kept you waiting. *(*L.C.*)*

DIDSWORTH. Just this moment dropped in.

TUCK. *(Standing over at* R.1 *by doorway—to* TOM) Come on. You can read them letters in the hospital. (TUCK *has already taken one pair of gloves.* TOM *throws down letters which he has been examining carelessly and picks up the other pair of gloves.)*

TOM. I'll make you jump out of that window!

TUCK. *(Laughing)* And I'll show you something they don't teach in college! *(They square off at each other laughingly and both exeunt* R.1 *with business, closing the door behind them.)*

BILLY. *(Watching them off—turning to* DIDSWORTH*)* Tommy hooks up with some queer fish. Mr. Bartholomew used to be a prize-fighter.

DIDSWORTH. That's the trouble with all athletic sports—no exclusiveness. *(Arising.)* I've got your desk. *(Crosses to* C. L.C. *Moving over toward chair at* L.C. L. *of desk* C.*)*

BILLY. *(Crosses* L. *to desk)* Never mind—nothing but a lot of mail. How've you been? *(Opens desk. Bus.)*

DIDSWORTH. Very sad experience at the track yesterday. That's why I'm here this morning.

BILLY. *(Somewhat embarrassed)* Oh, yes. Didn't make any tab the other night, but you remember the amount, don't you?

DIDSWORTH. You know—we cut the cards. That made it even money.

BILLY. That's so. *(Pauses—embarrassed.)* To tell you the truth, I'll have to see father. When I over-check it makes him red-headed. If I catch him feeling all right—— Still, I don't like to keep you waiting.

DIDSWORTH. *(L.C.)* That's all right, my dear boy. It'll be within a day or two, won't it?

BILLY. *(As desk)* Oh, I think so. I'm going into the country this afternoon with Dolly Sparks and some more—say to-morrow night. You know you're to be up to the house.

DIDSWORTH. Glad you reminded me—so devilish many engagements.

(On this line FORD *enters* L. *with papers in his hand. He is* MOREWOOD'S *attorney, a small, well-groomed, smooth-mannered gentleman approaching middle age. A keen and shrewd lawyer of the kind devoted to office practice.)*

FORD. *(Crosses to* R. *of desk* C. *Seeing the two)* Good morning, gentlemen. *(Both turn. To* BILLY) Your father in?

BILLY. Haven't seen him to-day.

DIDSWORTH. *(To* BILLY) I've discovered a new café—little place—cushions along the walls. Really quite Parisian.

(FORD *sits* R. *of* C.)

BILLY. I'll just go you.

FORD. *(To* BILLY) Great news for your father.

(DIDSWORTH *goes up* L.C.)

BILLY. *(Looking at letters on desk and not paying much attention)* Indeed?

FORD. Settled all those differences out West—big thing for the house.

BILLY. *(Looking at him, puzzled)* Do you mean—

FORD. Really the first time we ever got the jobbers together.

BILLY. *(Rises, takes hat—goes* L.C.*)* I don't quite follow you. I suppose father knows all about it.

FORD. *(Emphatically)* I should say he does!

BILLY. Come on, Major. *(Picking up hat and starting up* L.*)*

DIDSWORTH. *(Starting after him)* You'll be quite fond of this place. The coffee is superb.

(LEMUEL *enters* L., *coming face to face with* BILLY. *Ordinary suit of business clothes, soft hat, etc. Plain, middle-aged business man of the substantial type.)*

LEMUEL. Why, Billy!

BILLY. Father! *(They shake hands cordially.)*

LEMUEL. You're quite a stranger.

BILLY. Yes—I've been awfully busy.

LEMUEL. Eh?

BILLY. Where've you been?

LEMUEL. Lunch. Where are you going?

BILLY. Breakfast. *(Exits* L.*)*

DIDSWORTH. *(Following and passing* LEMUEL) Good morning, Mr. Morewood.

LEMUEL. Good afternoon, Major. *(Sarcastic emphasis on "afternoon."* DIDSWORTH *exits* L. LEMUEL *turns and looks at* FORD.*)* Breakfast! One

o'clock. *(Hangs up hat up* L. *To* FORD, *pointedly)* Say, do you know the Major? *(Crosses back of his desk* C.*)*

FORD. Slightly.

LEMUEL. What's he Major of? What did he ever fight—except a canvas-back duck?

FORD. I think it's an honorary title.

LEMUEL. Probably drank a colonel under the table some time—that makes him a major. Who is he? What is he?

FORD. *(Laughing)* He toils not, neither does he spin.

LEMUEL. Yes, I know what he is, but who is he?

FORD. Well, he talks and acts like an Englishman.

LEMUEL. Which probably means that he was born in Owosso, Michigan.

FORD. Got a lot of friends around town.

LEMUEL. Why, Billy thinks it is a big honor to sit at a club window with this aforesaid Major and watch the women and the cabs go by. I'll tell you candidly, I don't like him. Mebbe it's because he hangs around after Billy—mebbe it's because he wears spats, but—— *(Emphatically)* I don't like him! *(Sits* C.*)*

FORD. *(Trying to get down to business)* Had a hard time landing those fellows out West. *(Sits* R. *of desk* C.*)*

LEMUEL. *(Ignoring him)* You know Billy is still wearin' his pin-feathers. He's fluttered a couple of times and he thinks he's flyin'——

FORD. *(Showing papers)* —but I held on until everything was signed up.

LEMUEL. *(Seeing note, and paying no attention to* FORD*)* Well, well! The girls have been here.

FORD. *(Inquiringly)* Girls?

LEMUEL. Emily and Frances! *(With enthusiasm.)* You know, the city hasn't spoiled them.

With all their fine gowns and furbelows, they're just the same kind o' girls I knew when I started clerkin' in a store at Walton's Ferry. *(Pauses, looking at* FORD.) I'll never forget the day Lucy walked in—Lucy—Billy's mother. I was countin' eggs—I lost the count! *(Smiling reminiscently and scratching his head.)*

FORD. *(Impatiently)* All this is very thrilling.

LEMUEL. Girls want me to go motoring. Isn't that a joke? I haven't had an afternoon off in twenty-eight years. *(Business of looking hastily over letters,* FORD *looking at him intently—may seat himself at* R. *of desk.)*

FORD. You're a queer man to me—sometimes.

LEMUEL. *(Looking up)* Queer? How?

FORD. We've been working for years on this consolidation. I go out West to perfect it—come in with the glorious results—*(Showing him blue-bound papers)*—right in my hand, and you begin talking about something else.

LEMUEL. *(Squaring around)* Yes—about my boy Billy and about these girls. *(Picking up note again.)* Why? *(Suddenly adopting emphatic manner.)* Because all the consolidations and all the new money in the world don't mean anything to me—unless—— *(Hesitates.)*

FORD. Unless what?

LEMUEL. Unless it means something to my boys. I may be a big gun in the business world, but I'm afraid the boys regard me as a joke.

(READY Noise.)

FORD. I wouldn't say that. *(But not contradicting him very strongly.)*

LEMUEL. Waited years for this day to come—a dozen big jobbing concerns—all tails to my kite. And now—— *(Rises, crosses to* L., *manner changing.)* It's no fun to fly the kite.

FORD. *(Consolingly)* Nothing wrong with the boys?

LEMUEL. Wrong? You bet there isn't—they're my boys, and I wouldn't trade 'em for anybody else's boys—*(Front of desk* C.*)*—but you can see for yourself—*(Indicating* R. *and* L.*)*—planned it all out—college—then Europe—then in here as partners. I've made this business so big it needs three men to carry it. Result: *(Indicating* L.*)* Billy's one ambition in life is to dance all night. *(Indicating* R.*)* Tommy, I think, would like to be strong enough to throw the Terrible Turk. *(Crosses* R.*)*

(NOISE off R.I.*)*

(FORD *crosses* L. *and slightly up. Comes down later. Noise. Thumping sounds heard in room at* R. *Furniture upset, etc., heavy footfalls, etc.)*

LEMUEL. What in thunder is that? *(Pushing bell of buzzer on* R. *up desk* C.*)*

(BELL.)

FORD. Sounds like moving in a ton of coal.

(HOLTON *enters* R.2, *awaiting orders.)*

LEMUEL. What's all that rumpus?

HOLTON. *(*R.C.*)* The instructor's here.

LEMUEL. *(To* FORD*)* More physical culture. *(To* HOLTON*)* You ask them to calm down a little—before they wreck the building. *(Sits* C., *back of desk.)*

HOLTON. *(Starting toward* R.1 *hesitatingly and turning)* If you please, sir, I'd rather not go in—they're very playful when they get started.

LEMUEL. *(Arising)* Don't blame you. I'll fix it!

(NOISE.)

(Exit HOLTON R.2. *Noise. Crosses to door* R. *After noise* LEMUEL *gives start. Going over toward* R.I.)

LEMUEL. Hope he'll have some respect for his aged parent. *(Raps on door* R.I.)

TOM. *(From inside)* What's the trouble?

LEMUEL. That's what I want to know.

(Door opens and TOM *comes out. Skeleton jersey with arms bare, belt and gymnasium trousers, rubber-soled shoes and boxing gloves—eight-ounce.)*

TOM. Hello, Dad. *(Shaking hands—awkward business of shaking hands with gloves on.* TOM *is winded and perspiring.)*

LEMUEL. *(With some sarcasm)* Hard at work, I see?

TOM. Say, I wish you could have seen me hook him just now.

LEMUEL. Hook! What is this—a bull fight?

TOM. *(To* TUCK *inside)* Come out and show yourself. (TUCK *comes through doorway attired somewhat as* TOM, *marked about face, probably better no blood—is grinning good-naturedly. Salutes with glove. To* LEMUEL) Tough man!

LEMUEL. And you're trying to make him tender, is that it? (TOM *laughs.)*

TUCK. *(To* LEMUEL) You've got a great kid there, Mr. Morewood.

LEMUEL. Yes—he'll be a fine, husky boy when he grows up. (LEMUEL'S *manner here one of sarcasm, mixed with amusement.)*

TOM. *(To* TUCK) Get busy, or we'll cool off. *(Starting* R.)

LEMUEL. Hold on! Hold on! *(Imitates boxing.* TOM *and* TUCK *exeunt* R.I *with business of*

fighting. LEMUEL *turns to* FORD, *crosses* L.C.) What do you think of him—he's lickin' the prize fighter.

FORD. Ought to be proud of a boy like that.

LEMUEL. I am, but I wish he'd think of something besides his biceps. My fault, I'm afraid. When he was six years old I bought him a baseball suit—used to go to the football games and root for him.

FORD. *(Good naturedly)* Why not?

LEMUEL. Thought he'd get over it when he left college—worse than ever—now he's coach—referee—judge—holds the watch—shoots the pistol—whole thing.

FORD. *(Laughing—crosses* L., *looks at desk* L.) Billy isn't that way.

LEMUEL. *(Crosses* C.) No—Billy's principal athletic diversion is bridge whist. I don't know how well he can play it, but he can keep it up longer than anybody else on earth.

FORD. Certainly in with the top-notchers.

LEMUEL. Yes, sir—he's the official shawl-holder and cab-opener to the queen of the whole shootin'-match. I suppose I ought to be tickled, but I'm not. *(From* C. *to* R.)

FORD. *(To* L.C.) You mean Mrs. Bruce Hyphen —*(With gesture indicative of dash between the two names)*—Guilford?

LEMUEL. (R.C.) That's the one—I think it's the hyphen that caught him.

FORD. Prominent woman.

LEMUEL. Yes—I guess that, next to Lydia Pinkham, she's the best advertised woman before the public. *(Shakes his head.)* I'll tell you, children are a great responsibility—after they get too old to spank.

FORD. *(Crosses to* LEMUEL, R.C.—*soothingly)* Oh, they'll settle down.

LEMUEL. *(Goes* R.—*emphatically)* Yes—when

they get married—not before. Average man doesn't amount to a hill of beans till he gets married.

FORD. You're right. I believe in matrimony—for other men.

LEMUEL. I'm goin' to have those boys hooked up within a year. *(Confidentially crosses to* FORD) What's more—I've picked out the girls.

FORD. You've picked 'em out? Be careful—better let them do their own picking.

LEMUEL. *(Emphatically)* I know I've got the right ones. *(Pause.)* Emily and Frances.

FORD. A beautiful arrangement, if——

LEMUEL. *(Impatient)* If nothin'. Emily—sweet, well-bred—lovable—artistic nature—and all that. Just the girl for Billy with his fastidious notions. *(Crosses* L.C.—*looks at* BILLY'S *desk.)*

FORD. *(Assenting)* Certainly a charming girl.

LEMUEL. Frances—buxom, breezy, full of spirits. Just the running mate for a big, robust fellow like Tommy. *(Crosses back to* C. *to back of desk.)*

FORD. *(To* R.C.*)* That's very well, but—— *(Sits* R. *of desk* C.*)*

LEMUEL. Listen! When I start to put through a deal—I put it through. *(Holding up papers which* FORD *has laid on desk, as proof.)* I may have to scheme and maneuver—— *(Sits* C., *back of desk.* BESSIE *enters* L.)—but I'll do it.

(BESSIE *is smartly attired in street costume, nothing expensive, but may be a trifle showy.)*

BESSIE. *(After a moment's indecision—pause.* FORD *rises.)* Is Mr. Morewood in?

(READY Noise.)

LEMUEL. *(Whirling)* That's my name. Oh! *(Rising.)* How do you do, Madam?

BESSIE. I'm looking for Mr. William Morewood.

LEMUEL. Not here at present, but that's his desk.

(Indicating.) You can go right over and make yourself a cup of tea.

BESSIE. *(Rather surprised)* I'm not looking for tea—I'm here on business.

LEMUEL. *(Cordially)* Sit right down. *(Indicating* BILLY'S *desk again.)* You're the first person that ever came to see him on business.

BESSIE. *(Going to desk at* L.*)* You seem to be kind of a stringer. *(Seating herself.)*

LEMUEL. *(Taken by surprise)* A what?

FORD. *(Who has risen and taken hat from end of desk)* I'll be going. *(Holds out his hand to* LEMUEL.*)* My congratulations. *(Lifting papers on desk.)* You'll find everything air-tight.

(READY Noise.)

LEMUEL. *(Grinning)* I see—merely a community of interests—not a trust.

FORD. *(Going* L.*)* I hope your other plans work out as happily. *(Pausing at* L.*)*

LEMUEL. So do I—but I'm afraid a lawyer can't help me with them.

(FORD *exits* L. LEMUEL *seated at desk* C. BESSIE *sits at desk* L., *idly inspecting articles on desk. Renewed sounds of conflict off* R.I. *Someone falls against door.* BESSIE *turns and looks* R., *startled.)*

FORD. No, I guess not.

(NOISE.)

LEMUEL. Don't mind that—only a member of the firm at work. (LEMUEL *examines correspondence. Brief pause.* BESSIE *looking at him.)*

BESSIE. I see by the sign that you're a broker.

LEMUEL. Yes, ma'am.

BESSIE. Do you suppose you could sell some mining stock for me?

LEMUEL. *(Startled)* Mining stock! *(Looking*

at her keenly.) Madam, I'm a broker in wool. You want to see a broker that deals in lambs.

BESSIE. I thought a broker was a broker.

LEMUEL. He's liable to be anything these days. Usually he's busted. *(Suddenly alarmed)* You're not here to sell mining stock to my son?

BESSIE. No-o-o. I'm told that he has a great drag with the uppety-up society crowd.

LEMUEL. That's his regular job.

BESSIE. I want to get a try-out.

LEMUEL. Try-out?

BESSIE. Yes—I do stunts.

LEMUEL. *(Puzzled)* Stunts?

BESSIE. Don't you know what they are?

LEMUEL. Sounds all right.

BESSIE. At a swell dinner party—after they've had fourteen things to eat—and seventeen things to drink, and nobody knows what to do next, I go in and jolly 'em up. *(Laugh.)*

LEMUEL. *(Putting his work aside and looking at her curiously)* Well, well! *(Laugh.)*

BESSIE. Awful way to make a living, but there's money in it.

LEMUEL. Oh, I dare say, but it hardly seems like a woman's work.

BESSIE. What else can I do—can't be a typewriter—don't know how to spell.

LEMUEL. Do typewriters know how to spell? *(Stop here if there's a laugh.)*

BESSIE. What are you trying to do—kid me?

LEMUEL. Not at all. I have the greatest respect for anyone who works for a living—nowadays. It's unusual.

BESSIE. Unpopular, too. Ha, ha! (LEMUEL *laughs. More interested in her.)*

LEMUEL. *(Rises, to chair* L.C.*)* Ha, ha! How did you happen to get into the business of doin'

stumps, or runts, or stunts, or whatever it is? *(Sits* L. *of desk* C.*)*

BESSIE. *(Adopting burlesque dramatic manner)* Ah, do you want the story of me life? *(Rises.)*

LEMUEL. Go ahead. *(Moves chair slightly back.)*

BESSIE. Got any slow music? *(To imaginary character above her)* Willie, give me the spotlight. (LEMUEL *mystified.)* I come from the jumpin'-off place—'way out West.

LEMUEL. Chicago?

BESSIE. I said West—not East. I'm from Nevada—you've heard of it?

LEMUEL. Oh, yes—we hear of those places—even in New York.

BESSIE. My mother was a school-ma'am from the East. She thought she could live out West, but she was wrong—so I was brought up by my father. He took good care of me until about four years ago—then he got the short end of an argument, and little Bessie—sure enough orphan.

LEMUEL. An argument? *(Not comprehending.)*

BESSIE. Gun-play—he was handier with his conversation than he was with his hardware—so they got him. *(Crosses* L. *to desk.)*

LEMUEL. *(Getting up and moving his chair closer to her)* Great Scott! Do you mean they shot him?

BESSIE. *(Crosses* L.C.*)* When we settled up father's affairs, the only property we could find was a half interest in a mine called the Bluebird.

LEMUEL. *(Nodding)* I see—he was a miner.

(READY Shower.)

BESSIE. No—he won it in a poker game up at Butte—at least, that's the story. We found the papers in his trunk—that's why I asked about mining stock.

LEMUEL. And now you're here—why New York?

BESSIE. If you'd seen the other town you wouldn't ask.

LEMUEL. Everybody crazy to get to New York.

BESSIE. You came, didn't you?

LEMUEL. *(Startled)* How do you know I wasn't born here?

BESSIE. I can tell.

LEMUEL. *(Somewhat taken aback, pointing to chair* L. *at* BILLIE'S *desk)* Sit down.

BESSIE. I was halfway engaged to a mighty nice fellow—Cal Higbee. *(Sits* L.*)* He was eight million miles away—in Alaska somewhere. I couldn't sit down all the rest of my life waiting for him to dig himself out of a snowbank. He's probably married a squaw by this time. I was strapped—had to do something—so I joined out with a company playing a piece called "A Broken-Hearted Wife." *(Putting finger to nose, shaking her head.)* Did you ever see it?

(READY Shower.)

LEMUEL. What? The "Broken-Hearted Wife"? No, I'm afraid not.

BESSIE. I don't think they ever let it cross the Missouri River. Well, that carried me to Denver—there I connected with a sure-enough troupe and, like everybody else, I finally landed on Broadway—called myself a real New Yorker—and began looking for work.

LEMUEL. And now you bring sunshine into the lives of the melancholy rich?

BESSIE. At fifty dollars a throw.

(SHOWER.)

(Sounds off R. *of* TOM *taking shower—shouts and says, "Oooh!" when cold water strikes him.* BESSIE *interested.)*

LEMUEL. *(Rise—explaining)* We have our own

shower bath. *(Crosses to* C.R. *On this line* BILLY *enters* L., *followed by* DIDSWORTH. BILLY *sees* BESSIE *seated at his desk, and hesitates.* LEMUEL *to* BILLY*)* Young woman to see you. *(Crosses* R.C. *to back of desk* C. *Sit.)*

BESSIE. *(Arising from place at desk)* Mr. Morewood?

BILLY. *(After nod of assent to* BESSIE*)* Be seated, Major.

DIDSWORTH. *(Looking at* BESSIE*)* Thanks. *(Crosses to desk* R.*)* Looks like a comfortable chair over here. *(Crosses to* TOM'S *desk at* R., LEMUEL *watching him closely as he does so.* BESSIE *has moved from* BILLY'S *desk to chair at* R. *of it.* BILLY *bus. of motioning her to seat. She sits.* BILLY *at his desk. Manner of* BESSIE *with* BILLY *quite different from easy manner adopted with old man. She has taken card from purse and now hands it to him.)*

BESSIE. *(Crosses to* L.C.*)* Perhaps you've heard—

BILLY. *(Places chair for* BESSIE—*interested—recognizing name)* Oh, yes. *(Reading)* Bessie Brayton. They say you're clever—new kind of stuff.

BESSIE. I want to break in at some of the best houses. Everybody says that Mrs. Bruce-Guilford could take me and make me in a night.

BILLY. *(With enthusiasm)* No doubt of it. *(Sits desk* L.*)*

BESSIE. I don't want her to do it unless I can—well—deliver the goods. Now, you have a lot of influence. If you——

BILLY. *(Interrupting)* I have it—the very thing. To-morrow night a quiet little dinner party up at our house. Mrs. Bruce-Guilford will be there. I'll have you come in between ten and eleven.

BESSIE. *(Impulsively)* Say, that's bully of you! I'll make a hit if I have to do flip-flops.

BILLY. You know the place?

BESSIE. I can find it.

BILLY. *(Turning in chair and calling across to* DIDSWORTH—*rises)* Oh, Major!

DIDSWORTH. *(Putting down the paper or magazine he has been examining and starting across to* L.*)* Yes, my boy? (BILLY *and* BESSIE *have risen also.)*

BILLY. *(To* BESSIE) This is Major Didsworth. Major, Miss Brayton. You know—the one Mrs. Tromley was telling about. *(Rather informal manner on the part of men.)*

DIDSWORTH. *(Shaking hands with* BESSIE) Ah, yes, of course—Miss Brayton. Heard a lot about you.

BESSIE. *(Rather amused at his manner)* Hope you haven't heard too much.

DIDSWORTH. *(Rather taken aback)* I beg pardon?

BILLY. *(To* DIDSWORTH) She's coming up tomorrow night.

DIDSWORTH. Good! *(Up a little.)*

BESSIE. I'll be trotting along. Don't like to take up the time of a business man.

(LEMUEL *coughs.* LEMUEL, *overhearing the conversation, is moved to laughter by this speech, or merely shakes his head with a smile. This whole scene through here must be played snappily. Get people off with as little fuss and delay as possible.)*

DIDSWORTH. *(Down a little, evidently attracted by appearance and manner of* BESSIE) Which way are you going—north, of course? I have a cab waiting.

BESSIE. *(Smiling)* I think it'd make me dizzy to ride in a cab—I'm so used to trolleys.

(BESSIE *has moved toward door at* L. *and* BILLY, *being near* DIDSWORTH, *says to him confidentially*)

BILLY. (BESSIE *moves up* L.C.) Oh, Major—I'll try to fix up that other matter by to-morrow evening.

DIDSWORTH. Don't give it a thought—my boy—but, of course, if you can—— *(Is moving* L. *to join* BESSIE.) Permit me, my dear young lady. *(Pushes open door at* L.)

BESSIE. *(Looking at* LEMUEL) Well, good-bye, Mr. Morewood.

(BILLY, *having returned to desk at* L. *with his back to her, thinks she is speaking to him.* LEMUEL *examining papers.*)

BILLY. *(Half-arising and turning in his place)* Oh, good afternoon, Miss Brayton.

BESSIE. *(Smiling)* I meant the other Mr. Morewood. *(This arouses* LEMUEL, *who looks up and sees her standing looking at him, and he arises and goes toward her, holding out his hand.* BILLY *sits desk* L.)

LEMUEL. Going, are you?

BESSIE. *(Shaking hands with him)* Hope I'll see you again some time.

LEMUEL. *(Rather taken aback)* Well, I hope so.

(BILLY *has swung around in chair and is watching his father with interest and amusement.*)

BESSIE. So long! *(Exits, followed by* DIDSWORTH. LEMUEL *is still standing at* L. *of his desk, looking after her.*)

BILLY. *(In mock reproof)* Father! Father!

LEMUEL. *(Going back to his desk)* That's a smart girl—a mighty smart girl.

BILLY. *(Picking up one of the letters from his desk and lazily opening it)* You are now at that age when all fluffy young things——

LEMUEL. *(Seating himself at desk again)* What's going to become of a man if he loses faith in young women? *(Pause.)* I like young women. If I was a young man I'd marry a young woman instead of——

BILLY. *(With good-natured tolerance, turned halfway in his chair, talks across to* LEMUEL*)* For Heaven's sake, don't begin another lecture. Any one —*(Pause)*—to hear you talk would think that Mrs. Bruce-Guilford has kidnapped me and was holding me for a ransom.

LEMUEL. She's captured you—all right. Got a ring in your nose—when she whistles, you——

BILLY. *(Easily)* Nonsense! Dolly is a remarkable woman——

LEMUEL. *(Disgusted)* Dolly! Nearly old enough to be your mother. She ought to be gettin' ready for the next world, instead of gallivantin' around with a lot of kids. Say—hasn't she got a husband?

BILLY. *(Calmly—amused)* Yes—he's in Europe.

LEMUEL. Don't blame him. I'd go to Asia. In the meantime you are gaddin' about with——

BILLY. *(Rises, crosses* L.C. *with more spirit)* Let me tell you something, Father. It isn't everybody that's taken up by the Bruce-Guilford set.

LEMUEL. I know—lot of people envy you, but somehow, when the woods are full of fine young women, I don't like to see a son of mine playin' messenger boy—tagging around after a so-called queen of the smart set.

BILLY. *(Irritated by this last remark)* Best people in town.

LEMUEL. That's what they call themselves. But

why best? Why is some elderly lady who manages a circus any better than a young, beautiful, unaffected girl of your own age—say, some one like—ah—Emily? *(Looking at him shrewdly.)*

BILLY. Emily is a very charming girl, but——

LEMUEL. *(Persistently)* But what?

(On this line TOM *comes out from* R.1, *again in street clothes as at first appearance, hair damp and freshly combed. He is followed by* TUCK, *who carries the small handbag which he brought in with him at his first entrance.)*

TOM. *(As he bursts into room)* Feel like a fightin' cock! (BILLY *back to desk, sits.)* Gee, but a shower does brace a man up!

TUCK. *(Feeling of his eye cautiously—it may be somewhat discolored)* I got a lamp here that needs repairin'. *(Goes* U.L.*)*

(On TOM'S *entrance* LEMUEL *and* BILLY *look toward* TOM *and then* BILLY *turns to his desk.* TUCK *crossing toward* L. TOM *goes to desk at* R.*)*

TOM. *(Going to desk—to* TUCK*)* Come around day after to-morrow.

TUCK. *(Crossing* L.*)* I'll bring my own gloves—slip a horseshoe in one of 'em. This is worse than fightin' for a purse. *(He is near doorway at left.)*

TOM. Cheer up! You're good—for an old man!

(TUCK *exits* L. *as* TOM *at desk picks up some of his neglected mail.* LEMUEL *at* C. *looks first at one and then at the other of the boys. Short pause.)*

TUCK. Good enough for you.

LEMUEL. *(Rises—picking up papers)* Boys, this

is a great day for Morewood & Sons. Mr. Ford is back—he's closed up that Western deal.

TOM. *(Breaking in—looking at letter which he has opened)* What do you think, Billy? Scrubs beat Varsity. Must have a lot of dubs!

LEMUEL. Guess you didn't hear what I was sayin'. This arrangement with the jobbers ought to make a difference of—— *(Looks across at* BILLY, *intent on a large white folder, evidently a formal invitation of some sort. Calls to him rather sharply)* Billy!

BILLY. *(Turning with just a trace of annoyance)* Yes. What is it, Father?

(LEMUEL *crosses slightly* L.)

LEMUEL. *(Deliberately)* Are you two partners of the firm at all interested in the fact that we have made certain Western connections which now put us at the top of the heap? *(Around* L. *to front and center of desk.)*

BILLY. *(In a very off-handed manner, across to* TOM) That's fine, isn't it?

TOM. *(Simulating an interest)* Great! *(To* LEMUEL.) Let's see—something about dividing up the territory, isn't it?

LEMUEL. *(Hitting table)* It's dividing up all the territory into one part and turning it over to Morewood & Sons. It means new opportunities, bigger profits and more work. *(The two are listening in rather bored manner.)* I will repeat that last observation—more work.

BILLY. Well?

LEMUEL. Well, it's up to you two. *(To* BILLY) I've been workin' ten hours a day—six days a week. Now what do you want me to do—work nights?

TOM. You stay here too much, Father. You

ought to go out oftener—take up golf, or something like that.

LEMUEL. *(Slightly sarcastic to* TOM) Will you pardon me for suggesting that somebody has got to look after this business?

BILLY. Why don't you sell out?

LEMUEL. *(Angrily)* Sell out? What'd I do after I sold out? Do you think I'm goin' to quit when the biggest opportunity of my life is right in front of me? (EMILY *enters* L., *followed by* FRANCES.) What I'd like to do is to say something that would induce you boys——

EMILY. *(Having entered, pauses midway between door and desk, amused)* That's right, Uncle! Scold them! Scold them!

(LEMUEL *turns and sees her and goes toward her. The two boys arise and approach the girls)*

LEMUEL. *(Whole manner changing)* Why, Emily! Glad to see you! (EMILY *down to center—kisses her.)* Mighty good of you to come down here, and —(EMILY *crosses* R.)—Frances——

FRANCES. How do you do, Mr. Morewood?

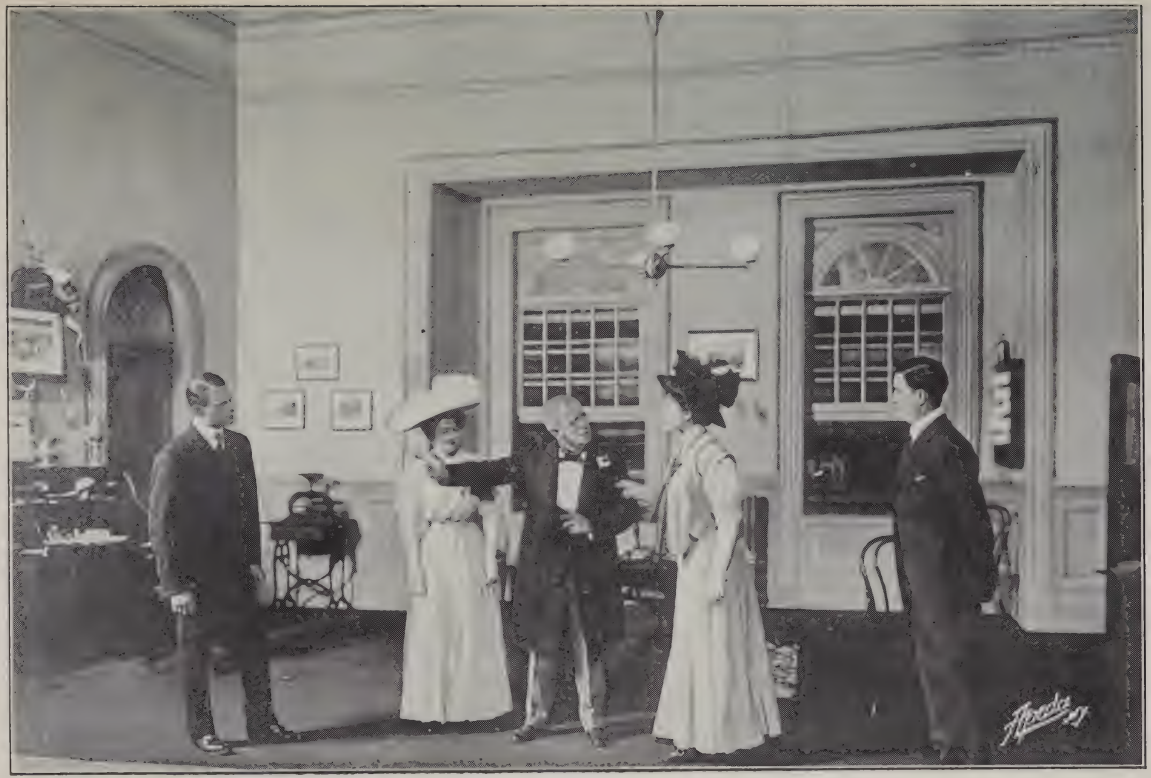
LEMUEL. *(Shaking hands with her. By this time the boys are over)* I suppose you remember my two boys—even if you haven't seen them lately.

(BILLY *and* TOM *ad lib. bus. of shaking hands with the girls. Make it evident in this scene that* BILLY *is somewhat fond of* FRANCES *and* TOM *of* EMILY. *That is, let them pair off in that manner.)*

EMILY. Did you get our note?

LEMUEL. *(Amused)* Note—yes, I got it!

FRANCES. (L.C.) We'll not take "No" for an answer. Father sent up his new car to-day—ever so



"Father and the Boys"

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many cylinders—tootiest horn you ever heard! We're going to take you—out to Hillcrest Inn for dinner.

EMILY. (R.C.—*teasingly, holding to his coat)* You must come.

TOM. *(To* EMILY) Make him go—it'll do him good.

FRANCES. *(To* BILLY) You boys talk to him.

BILLY. *(Laughingly)* If you two can't induce him, what can I——

LEMUEL. *(Raising his hand in laughing protest)* Young ladies, I would rather ride in the back seat of a motor car, tucked in between you two, than to ride on a silver cloud with the Angel Gabriel, surrounded by seven thousand angels, but the fact of the matter is, I can't go.

EMILY *and* FRANCES. *(Together—disappointed)* Oh!

LEMUEL. But I'll do the next best thing. My two business associates here have been cooped up in the office for nearly twenty minutes to-day. *(Girls look.)* They need fresh air and some relief from the vexations and worries of commercial life. Emily, you hook onto Billy—*(Indicating)*—and Frances, you take Tommy. (EMILY *crosses* L. FRANCES *crosses to* TOMMY—*indicating)* Show 'em the new motor car—have your dinner party.

EMILY. It's a big car—we'll all go. *(To* LEMUEL) You, too.

LEMUEL. My dear child, an impossibility. Look at that desk! (TOM *and* FRANCES *down* R.) Lot of things that won't hold over—— *(Up back of desk.)*

TOM. I'd like to go, but I've got to catch that three-o'clock train for Princeton. Promised 'em I'd look over the freshman team.

EMILY. (BILLY *goes* U.L.) Oh, Tommy! *(Rather disappointed. Crossing to* TOMMY, FRANCES *cross-*

ing to BILLY, *who has gone up* L.C.—*both walk* L.) Those college boys are after you all the time.

TOM. You see how it is—I can't throw them down.

LEMUEL. *(With sarcasm)* That's right—our institutions of learning must be upheld. (FRANCES *and* BILLY *have walked over to his desk at* L. *to look at some article on desk.)* Girls, you'll have to compromise on Billy.

BILLY. Too bad—but I'm booked for the country—special car out to Kenwood.

(TOM *and* EMILY *go up* R.C. *to window.)*

LEMUEL. Ah—one special carload of our best people.

BILLY. *(Amused)* Exactly. *(To* FRANCIS*)* Really, I am sorry, but I'm one of the managers—a charity affair.

FRANCIS. *(Very graciously)* That's all right, Billy. I know you're expected at these things.

LEMUEL. Well, young ladies, there you are. Mebbe if you blow your horn as you go up the avenue you can scare up some men.

EMILY. *(Who has gone over to look out of window)* The car is here. It's a beauty. Is it imported? *(Crossing to* FRANCES *at* L.)

FRANCES. I suppose I ought to be ashamed to confess it, but it was made in this country.

(LEMUEL *and two boys over to window to look at car.)*

LEMUEL. Well, it looks foreign—that seems to be the ambition of everything made in this country.

EMILY. *(Moving* L.) Well, I think that all of you are just as mean as you can be. Good-bye. *(At* L.)

BILLY *and* TOM. *(Together)* Good-bye.
LEMUEL. Pleasant trip.

(EMILY *exits* L., FRANCES *following* L.)

FRANCES. *(Turning—to* LEMUEL) Remember, Mr. Morewood, we came here to invite you, not them. *(Exits* L. *Bus. by* TOM *and* BILLY *as she exits.)*
BILLY. Oh, I say——
TOM. An awful shot. *(These in quick succession as* FRANCES *exits, as parting remarks to her.)*

(LEMUEL *watches* FRANCES *off and then turns to boys—all three standing so as to command view through windows.)*

LEMUEL. Boys, I'm ashamed of you. If I was a young man and had a chance to go buzzin' into the country with a couple o' girls like that, do you think I'd let any freshman ball team or hifalutin' society jamboree interfere?
TOM. Well, Dad, business before pleasure.
LEMUEL. Business, eh? *(Laughing)* Tommy, you have the largest reserve fund of unconscious humor—— *(Looking out of window* L. BILLY *window* L.) By ginger, that is a fine car! Wish I could afford one like that.

(TOM *window* R.C. TOM *and* BILLY *laugh at this reference to his poverty. Evidently it is his weakness to feel that he cannot afford the luxuries of the rich.)*

TOM. You could afford a whole fleet of 'em—if you only thought so.
LEMUEL. *(Still looking out of window)* Hello! Here's another one. More women.

BILLY. *(Excitedly)* Why—it's Dolly! *(Speaking before he thinks. Hurries off* L.*)*

LEMUEL. Dolly—little Dolly! *(Turning from window.)* Tommy, did you hear that? She is coming to our humble office. How do I look? *(Sprucing himself.)* What'll I do?

TOM. *(Hurrying to pick up suitcase from behind his desk)* I know what I'll do—I'll duck! *(Crossing* L.*)*

LEMUEL. Wish I could.

TOM. I'll be back to-morrow evening.

LEMUEL. Don't hurry.

(TOM *exits* L. LEMUEL *looks across at* BILLY'S *desk and sees vase of flowers—walks over and puts one in his lapel. Then buttons his coat tightly with bus. of squaring up shoulders after the manner of a heavy swell—turns up trousers at bottom and crosses in front of desk to* R. *of his own desk with affected walk, where he turns and stands waiting as ad lib. talk and laughter, subdued, are heard in hallway at* L. BILLY *holds open door at* L. *and* MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD *enters, followed by* MRS. TROMLEY.

(These parts must be carefully played. Audience has been prepared for supercilious, haughty, affected and artificial types of conventional and stagey society women. The two women must be played as the real thing—"classy" and correct of attire, but freely democratic in manner, rather informal and slangy manner of speech—women who are so sure of their social pre-eminence that they need not make any pretensions. Not the languid lorgnette type which everyone will be expecting.)

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD. *(As she comes through doorway)* So that was Tommy we passed. I won a

box of gloves on him once. *(Sees* LEMUEL—*pauses.)*

(BILLY, *leaving the door, comes behind the two women and presents his father.)*

BILLY. Mrs. Bruce-Guilford, may I present my father? (LEMUEL *nods awkwardly.)*

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD. *(Calmly)* A real pleasure, Mr. Morewood. *(*L.C. *corner of center desk.)*

BILLY. Mrs. Tromley, my father.

MRS. TROMLEY. *(Crosses to* C.*)* I met Mr. Morewood—years ago—in Baltimore.

LEMUEL. *(Shakes* MRS. TROMLEY'S *hand—surprised)* That's so—I remember you. That was before either of us——

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD. *(Good naturedly)* Quite so.

LEMUEL. Well, ladies, please be seated. You can take your choice between the tea parlor—*(Indicating* L.*)*—and the gymnasium.

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD. *(Indicating* R.—*going toward* BILLY'S *desk at* L.*)* You have an awfully attractive office, Mr. Morewood.

MRS. TROMLEY. Isn't it!

LEMUEL. Yes—the boys have brightened it up—quite a lot.

BILLY. *(Turning the chair at his desk for* MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD*)* Corking good of you to come and pick me up.

(LEMUEL, *seeing* BILLY *at chair, comes in front of desk and moves chair to* R. *of* C. *for* MRS. TROMLEY, *who acknowledges the courtesy with a nod and seats herself as* MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD *seats herself in front of* BILLY'S *desk. No wait in dialogue.* BILLY'S *attitude toward* MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD *is merely that of awe-stricken reverence for a highly important matron—no sugges-*

tion of a real love affair between them. She is amused and flattered by the attentions of an agreeable and good-looking young man.)

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD. Don't flatter yourself, my dear boy. (MRS. TROMLEY *sits* L.) We're not pursuing you. We really came to look at your wonderful find. *(Swinging in chair and indicating old-fashioned silver teapot on tray on his desk.)*

BILLY. To be sure. *(Hurrying to desk and getting teapot.)* Here it is. *(Holding it up between the two women.)*

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD *and* MRS. TROMLEY. *(Together)* Oh-h-h-h! *(This must be a long-drawn and rapturous exclamation with bus.* LEMUEL *is startled.)*

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD. No wonder you've been so terribly enthusiastic.

MRS. TROMLEY. *(At the same time)* I've never seen one just like it.

BILLY. *(With enthusiasm)* I'm having it looked up. *(Pointing at teapot)* See? The Calvert Arms!

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD *and* MRS. TROMLEY. *(Together)* Oh-h-h-h!

BILLY. *(As* MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD *is examining it)* Markings absolutely correct.

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD. It's a duck of a thing! I do hope it's genuine.

MRS. TROMLEY. *(At the same time. Let these speeches run together and do not wait for cues.)* So many imitations at present.

BILLY. *(With growing enthusiasm)* I got it from a dealer in Forty-second Street. (MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD *hands him the pot, and he gives it to* MRS. TROMLEY.) He's dug up several good things for me. (LEMUEL *standing at desk, listening.)*

MRS. TROMLEY. You got it for——

BILLY. What do you think—a hundred and fifty!

LEMUEL. Well, by——

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD *and* MRS. TROMLEY. *(Together)* Oh-h-h-h! *(With bus.)*

MRS. TROMLEY. How wonderfully cheap!

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD. *(At the same time)* What a ridiculously low price!

MRS. TROMLEY. Really? *(Holding it off to examine it.)* That is a bargain. *(Bus. by* LEMUEL.) Don't you think so, Dolly? *(Handing pot back to* BILLY.)

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD. Heavens and earth! A real Calvert! It's priceless!

(LEMUEL *amused.* BILLY *much gratified.)*

(WARN Ready Horn.)

BILLY. Been on the lookout for two years.

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD. How clever of you to find it!

MRS. TROMLEY. My dear, let us be fluttering on our way.

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD. Are you ready, Billy? *(Rising.)*

BILLY. *(Putting pot on his desk)* Always ready —been ready for hours—haven't thought of anything else for a week. *(Bus. by* LEMUEL.)

MRS. TROMLEY. *(Arising)* Isn't he a dear?

MRS. BBUCE-GUILFORD. *(Up* L.) We'll have to crawl all the way to the station—I do wish they could abolish the traffic. *(Bus. by* LEMUEL.)

BILLY. *(Picking up his hat)* Had my stuff sent down. *(Goes over to* L. *The two move toward* L.)

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD. *(Across to* LEMUEL *at* R.*)* Charmed to have met you, Mr. Morewood.

LEMUEL. *(Embarrassed, but trying to relax a little)* Same to you, madam.

MRS. TROMLEY. *(To* LEMUEL) Seems like old times.

LEMUEL. Well, you're not any older.

(MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD *exits* L.)

MRS. TROMLEY. *(Laughing)* Thanks, ever so much. Good-bye. *(Exits* L.)

LEMUEL. *(Mechanically)* Good-bye. (BILLY *pauses in doorway at* L.)

BILLY. I'll be back some time to-morrow.

LEMUEL. All right, Billy. Have a good time.

(BILLY *exits* L. LEMUEL *stands looking after him blankly for a moment, then looks across* L. *and sees teapot. Walks over and picks it up carefully—looks at it wonderingly—shakes his head, sets it down. Starts across* R. *meditatively and sees* TOM'S *desk. Goes over and picks up boxing glove—looks at it—sighs—puts it down and walks up stage to window. Looks out. Honk of motor car heard outside. He moves* L. *and looks off* R. *through window, evidently at car going up street. Then walks back to his own desk. Picks up blue-bound papers which* FORD *has left with him—looks at them quizzically and then drops them with a gesture of weariness and discouragement. Drops his head into his hands, staring ahead.)*

CURTAIN

"Father and the Boys"

See page 37

ACT II

AT RISE: *Music off* R.U.

SCENE: *Apartment in Morewood home. Combination of old-fashioned library and living room, not showy and modern, but rather substantial and with furniture a little antique in pattern. Suggest dark color. At* R. *a wide opening into corridor leading to hallway and street, such an opening probably preferable to any practicable door. At* L., *almost opposite, another corridor leading to other living rooms and rear of house. Up stage at* L. *and built against wall a stairway leading to apartments above. Details at discretion of scenic artist, or stairway may be cut out and in place of it a doorway leading to* LEMUEL'S *private apartments. Stairway valuable for giving* LEMUEL *an entrance toward the end of the act, and should be constructed so as to give him a chance to come out to landing in plain view of house, and then straight down to stage. At rear, and somewhat* R. *of* C., *a wide doorway, double, with hanging portières, leading to more modern portion of the house, dining room, music room, etc. This arrangement not essential if artist can devise a more effective one. So far as action is concerned, the demands are: An entrance from street hallway; an entrance to other living rooms on same floor; a stairway leading to* LEMUEL'S *private apartments; a wide*

doorway leading to new section of the house. Details of windows, book-cases, fireplaces, etc., at discretion of artist. Suggest that artist should get up set that is architecturally plausible, and that stage directions be modified to suit.

Furniture consists of large library table at C., *extending from* R. *to* L.; *easy chairs of different patterns. Pictures on walls are homely and patriotic—Declaration of Independence, Washington Crossing the Delaware, Abraham Lincoln, etc.*

AT RISE *of curtain* MRS. PEASLEY, *the housekeeper, in dark gown, white apron, etc., is standing beside the wide doorway* R. *of* C., *the portières slightly parted, listening intently to sounds from within. Sounds of laughter and conversation evidently some distance away. As she is looking she evidently sees some one coming, closes the curtains, comes to large library table extending lengthwise from* R. *to* L. *at* C. *and makes pretense of arranging books and magazines that are lying on it.*

(BILLY *comes through portières at* R.C. *Note: Suggest that this opening be masked with a screen or palms.* BILLY *is in very correct evening clothes, smoking cigar. Looks in and about, standing near doorway.)*

BILLY. Oh! Father not here? *(Down* R.C.*)*

MRS. PEASLEY. He went out. *(Anxiously)* Everything all right?

BILLY. *(*R., *with the air of a connoisseur)* The dinner was fairly satisfactory—claret not quite the temperature of the room.

MRS. PEASLEY. *(*C.*)* Pretty hard to regulate the temperature of the room at one of these swell dinners.

BILLY. *(Amused)* Swell dinner! Very small affair—only seven of us.

MRS. PEASLEY. Flowers cost a hundred dollars! Only seven of you—that makes fourteen dollars apiece for flowers.

BILLY. *(More amazed)* Well, that's one way of looking at it.

MRS. PEASLEY. I hope they don't go away and talk about us.

BILLY. They?

MRS. PEASLEY. The lady that wears a link in her name.

(EVANS, *a very correct and formal English butler, dark clothes not full livery, enters* L. *with cigars, cigarettes and lighter on tray. Is going toward wide doorway at* R. *of* C.)

BILLY. *(Still amused at* MRS. PEASLEY'S *remark)* Oh, Evans!

EVANS. *(Stopping)* Yes, sir.

BILLY. I think the ladies prefer those Russian cigarettes. You'll find them in my room. *(Starts to exit* R.C. *Bus. by* MRS. PEASLEY.)

EVANS. Yes, sir. *(He puts the tray on the table* C. *and starts toward stairway, when hall bell rings off* R. EVANS *stops. To* BILLY) Beg pardon, sir. The bell.

MRS. PEASLEY. I'll go and see who it is. *(*L.C.)

BILLY. Better let Evans go.

(EVANS *exits* R. *to hallway.)*

MRS. PEASLEY. *(Shaking her head)* Won't even let me answer the door-bell. (L.C.)

BILLY. *(Authoritatively)* The butler does that.

MRS. PEASLEY. Don't know why—perhaps some reason for it.

BILLY. *(Amused)* You're not very fond of Evans.

MRS. PEASLEY. Can't have much respect for a man that's around a house doin' woman's work.

(BILLY *laughs good-naturedly and exits through portières* R.C. *as* FORD *enters briskly* R., *followed by* EVANS.)

FORD. I'll camp here in the library and wait for him. Good evening, Mrs. Peasley. *(*R.C.*)*

MRS. PEASLEY. Good evening, Mr. Ford.

EVANS. *(*R. *of* FORD) If you will give me your card, sir, I'll let you know when he comes in.

(FORD *rather startled.* MRS. PEASLEY *indignant.)*

MRS. PEASLEY. Card, nothing! Mr. Ford's been coming here three nights a week for the last twenty years. No need of puttin' on any didoes with him.

(EVANS, *with pained look, crosses and goes up stairway and exits, both watching him; then* FORD *turns inquiringly at* MRS. PEASLEY.)

FORD. *(*C.*)* Since when?

MRS. PEASLEY. *(*L.C.*)* We just got it this week.

FORD. *(*C., *laughing)* Billy's idea, I suppose?

MRS. PEASLEY. Had to have him here in time for this dinner. I tell you, we're gettin' right into the swim.

FORD. *(Comprehending)* Oh, I see—the dinner. In there now? *(Indicating doorway at* R. *of* C.*)*

MRS. PEASLEY. I should say so. Dinner at eight o'clock! I can remember when they had it at noon. After awhile I suppose they'll have it at two o'clock in the morning.

FORD. And Mr. Morewood?

MRS. PEASLEY. Went out to a restaurant. I suppose he'll stay away as long as he can. Past his bedtime now—nearly ten o'clock. *(Crosses* L.*)*

*(*EVANS *comes down stairway with tin box—cigarettes.* EMILY *and* FRANCES *enter through portières.)*

EMILY. *(Beginning)* Is uncle—— Oh, Mr. Ford! *(*L.C.*)* Has uncle gone to bed?

MRS. PEASLEY. I should say not—out skylarkin' somewhere.

FRANCES. *(*R.*)* Ten o'clock at night, too. He's getting to be almost devilish.

(During this scene EVANS *brings tin box, puts it on tray and carries tray off—exits* R. *of* C.*)*

FORD. *(Laughing)* I'll talk to him.

MRS. PEASLEY. *(Crossing to exit* L.*—half to herself)* Get a few more butlers around here, and he'd never come home. *(Exits* L.*)*

EMILY. *(Looking after her)* Poor Mrs. Peasley! *(Moves* L. *slightly.)* You know, she's run the house for years. *(Back to* L.C.*)*

FRANCES. *(Adding)* And everybody in it. *(*R.C.*)*

EMILY. Now Evans has appeared, and if I can read the signs, there's going to be war.

FORD. You have some notables here to-night? *(*C.*)*

EMILY. Yes, the ambition of Billy's life is realized. Mrs. Bruce-Guilford has come here to dinner.

FRANCES. I like her ever so much—even if she has monopolized Billy. This is the first time I ever got right up and touched the hem of her garment.

FORD. *(Smiling)* It's a special privilege.

EMILY. *(Admiringly)* She's a clever woman.

FORD. When they get past forty—they have to be clever.

FRANCES. Very much emancipated—a few hundred miles in advance of most of us, but I really think she's genuine.

FORD. *(Learnedly)* Let me tell you something—I've sat back for years watching the dress parade. This estimable lady is lampooned by the newspapers—ridiculed by the great public, and yet—who wouldn't swoon with joy to have her say—*(With beckoning gesture)*—"Come."

FRANCES. *(To* FORD) I'm free to confess it. To-morrow I'll say to everyone I know: *(Bus.)* "I dined with Mrs. Bruce-Guilford last night."

(LEMUEL *enters from* R.)

LEMUEL. Is the coast clear? *(They turn and see him.)*

EMILY. *(*R.C.) Uncle!

FRANCES. *(*R.) Mr. Morewood! *(The two together, they start toward him.)*

EMILY. You're a coward!

FRANCES. You ran away.

LEMUEL. *(Coming over to* C.) Can you blame me, Ford? *(Crosses to him.)* They bring a couple of female lions into the house and then asked me to go in the cage with 'em.

EMILY. Uncle, we want you to come in. There's a young woman going to do some songs.

FRANCES. They say she's killing.

LEMUEL. I know—stunts. *(Laugh.)*

EMILY. You, too, Mr. Ford.

FORD. *(Laughing)* Impossible! Look at me!

LEMUEL. *(To* FORD) Say, Ford, we might get

in the corner behind the palms. Puzzle: "Find the man that pays the bills." *(All laugh.)*

FORD. I think I'll beg off.

EMILY. Really?

LEMUEL. You two run along and enjoy yourselves. Don't try to involve us in this high life. *(Walking with them toward portières,* R.C.*)*

FRANCES. At least you might peek in.

LEMUEL. Too much splendor and gaiety—might hurt my eyes. *(Girls exeunt* R. *of* C. *as* LEMUEL *turns and comes back,* FORD *seating himself beside table,* R. *of it.)* Just one game before I turn in?

FORD. *(*L.C., *brings chair* L. *of table to center front of table)* No. Got something on my mind. Is Billy pretty well mixed up with this Major Didsworth?

LEMUEL. *(*R.C.*)* I should say so—he's in there now.

FORD. Then I guess it's just as well that I came in. At the club this evening I got a pretty straight line on the Major. He's a promoter.

LEMUEL. That's how I sized him up. He capitalizes his conversation. *(Sits* C. *table.)*

FORD. Exactly—got a large rubber concession in Central America.

LEMUEL. Central America, eh? All those good things are a long ways off—ever notice that?

FORD. He's letting a few of his friends in—usually begins to let 'em in about the fourth Scotch.

LEMUEL. After they've had six—they begin declarin' dividends. (FORD *laughs.)*

FORD. Don't let him get into Billy. If he didn't belong to so many clubs, he'd be what you might term a crook.

LEMUEL. I'm afraid that what I say doesn't carry much weight with Billy lately, but I'll speak to him.

FORD. *(Rises)* I would. *(Reaching for his hat.)*

LEMUEL. *(Rises)* Hold on! Just one game of checkers before you go.

FORD. *(Disgusted)* Checkers!

LEMUEL. *(Rather resenting his tone)* Good game.

FORD. It was—fifty years ago. Checkers—in New York City! Why, you're two miles behind the procession.

LEMUEL. *(Crestfallen)* That's what Billy said the other day. *(Sits.)* He said I was back of the flag—whatever that is.

FORD. *(With feeling)* He's right, too. *(Sits.)* I'm going to say something to you. You're worried to death because the boys are getting away from you. You're losing their companionship—things that interest you don't interest them.

LEMUEL. Yes.

FORD. *(With spirit)* Two sides to the question. Do you expect them to sit down here every night and play checkers with you? If you don't want your boys to get away from you, why don't you go along with them? They have a dinner party at the house—you slip out the back way and go to a restaurant. Won't even put on your evening clothes. *(Coming at him suddenly.)* Have you got any evening clothes?

LEMUEL. *(Rather intimidated by his manner)* Guess so. Did have—about a year ago.

FORD. *(Emphatic, scolding manner to relieve scene of talkiness)* You've settled into a rut. You blame Tommy for going wild about athletics—Billy for his social aspirations, and yet you don't think about anything in this world except the wool business—and checkers. Don't you ever have any real desire to get any fun out of life?

LEMUEL. *(R.C.)* Don't I, Ford? All my life I've

wanted to do things that I didn't do because I was thinkin' of the boys. Never speculated—mustn't lose the boys' money. Never get out much at night—bad example for the boys. Wanted this—wanted that—wouldn't buy it. Why? The boys might need that money some day. Why, Ford, I think I might have married again——

FORD. *(Surprised—rises, moves chair slightly back and gets hat)* Well! Well! Talk about your slumbering volcanoes!

LEMUEL. I've held myself back—slaved—year after year—piling it up so that somebody else could have a bonfire with it.

FORD. What credit do you get for it?

LEMUEL. Credit! Somebody comes along and tells me I'm two miles behind the procession. *(Rises.)*

FORD. *(Laughing)* I really mean what I say. (LEMUEL *slightly* R.) I think the way to get closer to the boys is to show some interest in the things that interest them.

LEMUEL. *(Amused)* Baseball? Five o'clock teas? And Dolly?

FORD. I mean, get out and circulate. (TOM *enters.)* Spend some of your own money. (TOM *out through portières.)*

LEMUEL. That would be a new sensation. *(R.)*

TOM. *(Has worked around table to down* L.—*mock serious)* To prove to you that I am not proud—I will speak to you. How are you—and Mr. Ford?

FORD. What's the score?

LEMUEL. And did you meet Dolly?

TOM. Sat next to her—good fellow, too. All rot about her being stuck up.

LEMUEL. Of course.

TOM. We've been talking football.

FORD. *(Still with his hat in his hand)* I'll not

keep you up any longer. (LEMUEL *up back of table.)*

TOM. He stayed up one night till nearly eleven o'clock.

LEMUEL. *(Annoyed—back of table)* Somebody's got to do the sleepin' for the family.

FORD. Just lectured him—told him to get out in the pasture and roll over a few times.

TOM. Good work! I've been after him, too. You know he's about eight miles behind the parade.

LEMUEL. Eight! I'm droppin' back all the time.

FORD. What did I tell you? Good-night! *(He exits* R., *laughing,* LEMUEL *looking after him.)*

TOM. *(*L.*)* Can't you slip in and hear this Brayton girl? LEMUEL *down* R.*)* She made an awful hit at the Yacht Club, last show they had.

LEMUEL. *(Down across* L.*)* I don't like to hang around the outskirts of any gaiety in my own house, and as long as I haven't got the regalia——

(During this speech EMILY *comes out through portières—*TOM *back of table* C.*)*

EMILY. *(Interrupts)* Tommy, she's about to begin.

TOM. *(Up to* EMILY*)* I'm trying to get father—

EMILY. No use. (TOM *starts.)* He wants to turn in.

(LEMUEL *winces.* TOM *over to* EMILY. *Bus. of being interested.)*

TOM. Billy's prize attractions all right, eh?

EMILY. *(Nodding)* How well they smoke.

TOM. I kind o' hope you'll never learn. *(Takes* EMILY'S *hands. Holding open portières for her.)*

EMILY. How could I? *(She is going when* LEMUEL *calls to her.)*

LEMUEL. Oh, Emily. *(She turns.)*

EMILY. Yes, Uncle?

(READY Laughter.)

LEMUEL. Just a moment. Go ahead, Tommy. (TOM *exits through the portières as* EMILY *comes back,* R.L. LEMUEL, *feeling his way—)* Emily, in regard to Tommy, there—I can trust you? This is confidential.

EMILY. (R.C.) Of course.

LEMUEL. (L.C.) Frances is your chum—together all the time—you've got a lot of influence——

EMILY. *(Wonderingly)* Yes.

LEMUEL. Well, I couldn't blame Frances much if she'd be put out with Tommy—he's a good deal of a kid—snarled up in this athletic business—neglects her a lot——

EMILY. *(Crosses to him—comprehending)* You mean that Tommy—Tommy—neglects Frances?

LEMUEL. Delicate matter—got to be handled carefully—but you can help me more than anybody else to square him.

EMILY. *(Appalled)* Then you want me to——

LEMUEL. In a diplomatic, roundabout way.

EMILY. Why, Uncle, I couldn't say anything against Tommy—not if I wanted to. *(Defending him warmly.)* He's so nice—and straightforward. As for athletics, why—he's made a national reputation!

LEMUEL. *(Delighted)* That's the way I want you to talk to Frances. Of course, he's all right, but he doesn't understand women—we may have to engineer the thing for him.

EMILY. *(Disturbed—bewildered)* Do you think Frances——

LEMUEL. (EMILY *goes back of table during this speech, followed by* LEMUEL *to exit* R.C.) Leave it to me—everything'll come out all right. Now, run along—*(Leading her toward portières)*—don't tell

anyone—but when you get a chance—put in a word for him.

EMILY. *(Turning to him)* If you think it's my duty, Uncle—I'll try to do it. (EMILY *exits through portières. As she opens curtains, sounds of laughter and applause from beyond.)*

(As EMILY *exits* MRS. PEASLEY *enters* L. *in determined manner and waits at* L. *for a chance to speak to* LEMUEL. *He turns with self-satisfied manner—sees* MRS. PEASLEY. LEMUEL *down* R.*)*

MRS. PEASLEY. *What* are the duties of a butler? *(*L.*)*

LEMUEL. *(*R.C.*)* Give it up! Who do you think I am—the Ladies' Home Journal? I don't answer those questions. Ask me something about the wool business.

MRS. PEASLEY. *(*L.C.*)* I've been housekeeper here for years.

LEMUEL. *(Crosses* C.*)* You've been the boss—good one, too.

MRS. PEASLEY. I'd like to know who's running this house at present.

LEMUEL. So would I.

MRS. PEASLEY. Are you goin' to ask me to play second fiddle to a foreigner?

(BILLY *comes through portières.)*

LEMUEL. *(Correcting* MRS. PEASLEY*)* Not a foreigner—a cousin—a British cousin.

BILLY. *(*R.C.*)* Father, have you a moment? Afraid you'd gone to bed. *(Down* R.*)*

LEMUEL. *(*C., *to* MRS. PEASLEY*)* I'll see you presently, Mrs. Peasley. *(Slightly* L.C., ***moves chair to*** L. ***of table.)***

MRS. PEASLEY. (L., *to* BILLY) Everything all right in there?

BILLY. Evans is doing beautifully.

MRS. PEASLEY. Humph! *(Exits* L.*)*

LEMUEL. Well, how does it seem to be up in a balloon?

BILLY. Very pleasant affair. Why didn't you join us? It seems to me——

LEMUEL. I know—that's all right. *(Annoyed.)*

BILLY. Something I wanted to speak about—I hesitated——

LEMUEL. How much?

BILLY. *(Embarrassed)* In the country—Sunday night—I got into a little game of bridge.

LEMUEL. Sunday night?

BILLY. Luck something fierce—didn't want to overcheck—at the same time.

LEMUEL. Don't keep me in suspense—how much?

BILLY. I've made out a check. *(Taking it from waistcoat pocket.)* If you'll sign it——

LEMUEL. Got the check all made out, eh? Who gets it—our old friend the Major?

BILLY. He has more luck!

LEMUEL. *(Taking check)* Been havin' it for years. *(Looks at check.)* Great Cleopatra! A thousand dollars!

BILLY. They play a fairly stiff game.

LEMUEL. Let me tell you something about this Major. He's no good—he's a hanger-on—a parasite!

BILLY. I think you're wrong, Father, but I don't care to contradict you—until you've signed that check. *(Smiling.)*

LEMUEL. I'll sign it. *(Up to* BILLY *and hand on shoulder.)* But listen, Billy! When I first struck this town, you and Tommy were little lads. The first year we scraped and saved—your mother did the housework—and I never worked so hard in my

life. That year I banked a thousand dollars—one year! *(Sits table* L.*)*

BILLY. *(Embarrassed and ashamed)* What can a man do—the other fellows——

LEMUEL. *(Going over to table and sitting down)* A lot of people call me a tight wad because I don't shoot off a skyrocket every time I spend a dollar. I'll admit I don't like to fork over a thousand dollars to any—— *(In signing)* He's no Major—anyway—I'll just scratch that out. *(Business of scratching.)* Major! *(Tone of disgust.)* My father fought four years to be a captain. (LEMUEL *rises down* L. *slightly.)*

(LAUGH.)

(Sounds of applause and laughter heard from apartments beyond. FRANCES *comes through portières just as* LEMUEL, *after using blotter, is handing check to* BILLY.)

FRANCES. *(Not wishing to interrupt them)* I thought——

LEMUEL. You thought I'd gone to bed.

FRANCES. No. I didn't want Billy to miss the show—she's the funniest thing——

BILLY. *(Starting toward* FRANCES—*putting check in waistcoat pocket)* Coming. *(To* FRANCES *up* R.*)* Do you like my discovery?

FRANCES. Ever so much. *(They are starting.)*

LEMUEL. Frances—just a moment. (BILLY *stops —to* BILLY) Remember, Billy—you're host.

(BILLY *exits as* FRANCES *turns to* LEMUEL.)

LEMUEL. Won't detain you—but I want you to do me a favor. This is between us two. *(Secretively.)*

FRANCES. You alarm me. *(Laughing.)*

LEMUEL. Nothing serious. It's this—Billy doesn't

really care a continental for this Mrs. Bruce-Guilford——

FRANCES. *(Delighted)* Are you sure?

LEMUEL. Simply dazzled by her social eminence—grateful to her for taking him up. There couldn't be a love affair.

FRANCES. *(Eagerly)* I don't think so, either.

LEMUEL. He'll wake up pretty soon, but in the meantime I don't want Emily——

FRANCES. *(Aghast)* Emily!

LEMUEL. You see, if we come right out and try to adjust matters between 'em, we'll spoil everything, but you, as her best friend, can incidentally praise up Billy and mebbe counteract this infernal society microbe.

FRANCES. *(Defending* BILLY *with spirit)* But, Mr. Morewood, if the most prominent women in town are running after Billy, I think it proves——

LEMUEL. *(Triumphatly)* There you are—tell Emily that! Got my idea the first time!

FRANCES. *(In consternation)* But, you know, I never suspected that Billy and Emily——

LEMUEL. Just in the bud—you understand? It takes a father to get on to these things. Now, I'll depend on you. Run along, or you'll miss some of the doin's. *(Up* R.C.*)*

FRANCES. *(Up stage* R.C.*—ruefully)* I'm so flustered—you've taken my breath away.

(MRS. PEASLEY *enters* L.*)*

LEMUEL. Don't rush matters—just slip in a word now and then.

FRANCES. *(Calling attention to* MRS. PEASLEY*)* Mrs. Peasley.

LEMUEL. Oh! Don't forget——

(LEMUEL *down* R., *sits on couch. Turning.* MRS.

PEASLEY *has large ring of keys.* FRANCES *pauses for a moment at portières, looking at* LEMUEL *as if distressed and then exits.)*

MRS. PEASLEY. *(L.C.)* Mr. Morewood, war has been declared. (LEMUEL *sits couch* R.) The butler has taken some of my keys! *(L.C.)*

LEMUEL. Well, what have I got to do with it?

MRS. PEASLEY. Why don't you lay down the law to him?

LEMUEL. Me? I'm afraid of him. Did you ever notice how he looks at us common people?

MRS. PEASLEY. Mr. Morewood, I won't stand it.

LEMUEL. *(Crosses to table* C.—*with great vigor)* Mrs. Peasley, we've got to stand it. We held out against enlargin' the house—we kicked on the sideboard—we tried to keep 'em from puttin' livery on the coachman—we fought against the seven o'clock dinner, and every time we've lost. Why? Why, because we're fourteen miles behind the band-wagon —that's what we are. We are a couple of last year's almanacs—— *(Sits sofa* R. *This speech is delivered with so much gusto that* MRS. PEASLEY *is stunned.)*

MRS. PEASLEY. *(Staring at* LEMUEL*)* Sakes alive!

(BESSIE *comes through portières—simple and inexpensive but effective gown.)*

BESSIE. *(Enters* R. *up)* Gee! I'm glad that's over with. *(Shaking head—evidently tired.* MRS. PEASLEY *looks at her disapprovingly.* LEMUEL *glad to see her again.)*

LEMUEL. *(R.)* Well, if it isn't Miss—ah—*Stunts.*

MRS. PEASLEY. *(L.—surprised) Stunts?*

BESSIE. *(C.—to Mrs.* PEASLEY—*crosses* C.*)* Will you give me a drink, please? They have Tiffany

water in there, but I prefer some of that stuff they put under bridges.

MRS. PEASLEY. Bridges, oh! You mean——

BESSIE. *(With exaggerated politeness)* A glass of water, lady.

MRS. PEASLEY. *(As she exits* L.*)* Don't have much call for that any more.

LEMUEL. Well, did you——

BESSIE. They were easy. *(To* R.C.*)* Honestly, some of that stuff to-night—if I did it on the stage, I'd be arrested. *(Laugh.)*

LEMUEL. Sit down—make yourself at home.

BESSIE. *(Seating herself)* I looked around for you. *(*R. *of table.)*

LEMUEL. *(Pleased)* Did you?

BESSIE. If I owned a place like this, seems to me I'd cut in once in a while. *(Bus. by* LEMUEL.*)* You're not letting them work that Doctor Osler joke on you—down and out at fifty—on the shelf?

(LEMUEL *rises suddenly. She is quietly "kidding" him, and looking at him with an amused smile.)*

LEMUEL. *(Annoyed at the insinuation)* No, indeed! I get around a good deal—but of course—being in business——

BESSIE. Oh, say, speaking of business—— (MRS. PEASLEY *enters with glass of water on tray.)* After I saw you yesterday I found a man that thinks he can sell my mining stock.

LEMUEL. You sell it—for whatever you can get. *(Sits sofa* R.*)*

(MRS. PEASLEY *gives the water, which* BESSIE *accepts with a nod and smile. As* MRS. PEASLEY *is giving her the water,* EVANS *enters* R. *of* C. *through portières with envelope on tray.* MRS.

PEASLEY *glares at him defiantly, and exits* L. *to wait.)*

EVANS. *(*R. *of* BESSIE*)* Miss Brayton——

BESSIE. Yes. *(Putting glass on table.)*

EVANS. For you.

BESSIE. *(To* LEMUEL*—taking envelope)* The insult. *(Kisses money.)* That means for me to be on my way. *(Arising.)* I'm going out to get something to eat. *(Crosses* C.L. EVANS *exits* R. *of* C.*)*

LEMUEL. Something to eat—— Why, we can— *(To* C.*)*

BESSIE. No. They always feed us artists in the kitchen—me for a gilded café. *(Waves money—crosses* L.C.*)*

LEMUEL. You don't go kitin' around at night alone?

BESSIE. No—got a cab with me to-night.

LEMUEL. *(Starting* L.*)* Better come out to the ice-box and have a nice glass of fresh milk. I take one every night just before I turn in.

(DIDSWORTH *enters upper* R. *of* C.*)*

BESSIE. *(To* C.*)* No—you're too reckless for me.

DIDSWORTH. Ah, Miss Brayton! Afraid you'd gone. Good evening, Mr. Morewood. *(*R.C.*)*

LEMUEL. Good evening. *(Slightly burlesquing* DIDSWORTH'S *pompous manner. Exits.)*

BESSIE. I didn't know there was any milk in New York—did you? *(Crosses* L. *and up.)*

DIDSWORTH. Very interesting type, Mr. Morewood—the provincial who has lived in New York for years and remains—a provincial.

BESSIE. He's a good old scout—I like him.

DIDSWORTH. *(Moves slightly to* C.*)* I wanted to say, regarding your interest in that mine—the Bluebird—I've made a few inquiries——

BESSIE. *(To* L.C.*)* Now don't trouble too much about that.

DIDSWORTH. No trouble at all, my dear young lady. It happens that I may take a Western trip very soon—Nevada and out that way. If I find that I can get a little pocket-money for you——

BESSIE. *(To* C.*)* Say, that's mighty good of you——

DIDSWORTH. Not at all. Only, don't tell anyone that I'm acting in your behalf—they might misconstrue my motives. *(Beaming on her flirtatiously.)*

BESSIE. Might think you were trying to win me out—is that it? Not one chance in a million! My heart is buried under an iceberg—up in Alaska.

DIDSWORTH. Alaska!

BESSIE. Unless he's come back. Major, when you get to Nevada, I wish you'd inquire about an old friend of mine. He's pretty well known out there, and the nicest man that ever walked.

*(*LEMUEL *enters* L., *wiping mouth with handkerchief.* DIDSWORTH, *seeing* LEMUEL *and calling attention to him, crosses up* R. *slightly.* DIDSWORTH *and* BESSIE *laugh*—LEMUEL *annoyed; suspects that they are laughing at him.)*

LEMUEL. *(Pausing)* Don't want to interrupt—any tete-a-tete.

DIDSWORTH. Not at all. *(To* BESSIE*)* I trust we shall meet again—very soon. Good night. *(Up and turn.)* Good night, Mr. Morewood. *(With a nod to* LEMUEL, *who merely nods and grunts without speaking.* DIDSWORTH *exits* R. *of* C.*)*

LEMUEL. I see you've still got your money. *(*L.C. *Calling attention to envelope in her hand and looking after* MAJOR.*)*

*(*BESSIE *looks at envelope. She does not comprehend.* LEMUEL *takes an apple from side pocket.)*

LEMUEL. Have an apple?

BESSIE. Apple?

LEMUEL. I carry a couple of apples up to the room with me every night. *(Holding out apple.)* Greatest medicine in the world. Beats all the doctors. If a man'll eat an apple every night before he goes to bed—— *(He pauses, seeing that* BESSIE, *crossing* R.C. *slightly up, is laughing at him.)* What's the matter?

BESSIE. *(Shaking her head)* Say, you're a good deal of a farmer.

LEMUEL. I was brought up on a farm.

BESSIE. Most people get over it after they've lived in New York a while.

LEMUEL. You're making fun of me—you, from Nevada, too.

BESSIE. Oh, you're all right—if you'd get into your high speed.

LEMUEL. Catch up with the procession—is that it?

(EVANS *enters* R. *of* C.)

BESSIE. *(Moving* L.*)* That's what I mean. *(Crossing* L.*)* I left my props back here. Good-bye.

LEMUEL. *(Looking at her with growing surprise)* Good-bye. *(Up* L. *slightly.)*

(BESSIE *exits* L.)

EVANS. I beg your pardon, sir. Your son wishes to know if they can have this room.

LEMUEL. That means for me to be on my way. What do they want of this room? *(L.)*

EVANS. I think they want to play roulette, sir.

LEMUEL. Roulette—gambling game?

EVANS. It can be used for gambling, sir.

LEMUEL. So I've heard.

EVANS. If you've no objections, sir, I shall clear the large table.

(MRS. PEASLEY *enters* L. *with tray to get glass.)*

LEMUEL. Tell 'em I'll get right out.

EVANS. Thank you, sir. *(Exits* R. *of* C.*)*

LEMUEL. *(Crosses to back of table—begins at table)* Mrs. Peasley, help clear off this table—throw the truck anywhere. Our guests want to gamble. *(Bus. of assisting to pile up magazines, etc.,* removing *ink stand, etc., to table* L. *and sofa* R.*)*

MRS. PEASLEY. *(Going to table)* If this wasn't a private house—we'd all be arrested. *(Bus. of taking stuff from table to mantel at* R.*)*

LEMUEL. Don't try to head off any of these innocent diversions. *(Let table be cleared up quickly as possible. On above line* EVANS *comes through portières with small roulette wheel—cloth folded on top—can be had at any department store or toy shop.)* Here's the paraphernalia.

(EVANS *puts wheel on* R. *end of table and spreads cloth.* LEMUEL *and* MRS. PEASLEY *watch him.* MRS. PEASLEY *exits* L., *carrying tray.)*

MRS. PEASLEY. *(As she goes out* L.*)* This establishment is getting too gay for me.

LEMUEL. Evans—— *(Crosses to* C., *back of table.)*

EVANS. Yes, sir.

LEMUEL. You go up to my room—lay out my evening clothes, put the buttons in the white shirt—white tie—white shoes, the whole business—and be quick about it.

EVANS. I beg your pardon, sir—but I think I'm needed in the music room.

LEMUEL. Let me call your attention to the fact that I'm running this shebang. You do as I tell you.

EVANS. Yes, sir. Quite so, sir. *(Crosses back of table and runs upstairs.)*

(LEMUEL *is examining wheel with curiosity. The girls enter* R.C., *pausing for a moment to watch him, much amused.)*

EMILY. *(*R.C.*)* Look out, Uncle—it'll bite you!

LEMUEL. *(*L.C.*)* Is that what takes people all the way to Monte Carlo?

FRANCES. *(*C.*)* Yes, and that's what keeps them there after they get ready to leave.

LEMUEL. I don't want to hang around here—the procession may arrive any minute. *(Goes toward stairway.)*

FRANCES. Why don't you stay—I think it'll be fun. *(Crosses to foot of stairs.)*

EMILY. *(Crosses to front of stairs, in front of* FRANCES) Really, Uncle, once in a while it wouldn't hurt if you——

LEMUEL. *(Stopping at stairway—maybe up a step or two)* Stop! I haven't heard anything else all evening. But say, girls, would it make you any happier if I should—*(Gesture)*—cut loose and circulate once in a while?

EMILY. I should say so!

FRANCES. Indeed it would!

LEMUEL. If I should kind of get out and be one of the boys——

EMILY *and* FRANCES. Oh, yes—Uncle——

LEMUEL. Well, I may do it some day.

EMILY *and* FRANCES. But when, Uncle?

LEMUEL. Good night.

EMILY *and* FRANCES. *(Together)* Good night. *(They watch him exit up stairway.)*

EMILY. *(After he is well off—down* L.C.*)* Poor Uncle! For a man that's worked so hard to make

other people happy, he doesn't get much out of life.

FRANCES. *(L.C.)* I'm afraid he's worried about the boys—I don't know why.

EMILY. I do—you know Billy, although he's an awfully charming fellow, doesn't pay the slightest attention to business—simply going, night and day—the fastest set in town.

FRANCES. *(Resenting this criticism of* BILLY) But, my dear, look at Tommy—imagine him in business! Just a great, big, healthy, overgrown child!

EMILY. *(Indignant)* Why, Frances, how dare you! He hasn't one bad habit—and the loveliest disposition——

FRANCES. Nothing really bad about Tommy——

EMILY. *(With yearning, romantic manner)* He's my ideal—strong and brave and simple.

FRANCES. He's simple, all right. I like him well enough, but I never could take him seriously.

EMILY. That is—you never could love him?

FRANCES. *(Comprehending)* Heavens, no!

EMILY. Oh, Frances! *(Suddenly embraces and kisses her.)*

FRANCES. You goose! What's the matter?

EMILY. If that's the way you feel, there's no need of my talking to you.

FRANCES. No need of you—— *(Suddenly realizing situation.)* Emily—tell me—tell me something, truly—cross your heart. What do you think of Billy?

EMILY. I think he wears beautiful clothes, but to be perfectly candid, I can't endure him.

FRANCES. Isn't that sweet of you! And nothing that I could say——

EMILY. Did Uncle ask you to——

FRANCES. I promised not to tell. Did he ask you to——

EMILY. Yes, he thinks——

FRANCES. But, really, I didn't know——

EMILY. Know what? *(She is confused. The girls looks intently at each other, each reading the other's secret. Then by mutual impulse they embrace and kiss.)*

FRANCES. Oh, Emily!

EMILY. Frances! *(As they embrace,* TOM *comes through portières.)*

TOM. *(Seeing two)* Break! Break! What's all this about?

EMILY. *(Up* L. *to back of table—going to him—impulsively)* Oh, Tommy, I'm so happy!

(FRANCES *crosses* R. *and up to* C., *back of table.)*

TOM. You ought to be—we've got a gang of real sports in the house. You girls got any money?

FRANCES. You don't need any money—play on credit.

TOM. Play on credit, eh? All the Palm Beach privileges right here at home.

(EVANS *appears at portières, throwing them open and then standing aside.* MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD *and* MRS. TROMLEY *enter, followed by* DIDSWORTH *and* BILLY. *Have the women correctly attired, but nothing gorgeous. At entrance of people for roulette game,* MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD *goes down* R. MRS. TROMLEY, *followed by* MAJOR, *crosses back of table, down* L., *then comes* R. MAJOR *helps* MRS. TROMLEY *with chair, right corner of table, and goes to wheel, right of table.* MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD *goes back of table to chair that* BILLY *has placed.* TOM *and* FRANCES *take chair from* L.3 *to* L. *of table.* TOM *gets into chair front of table, placed by* EMILY. FRANCES *and* EMILY *stand or sit on arm of chair at* L. *of table.* BILLY *stands above* MAJOR.)

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD. *(Coming through)* So this is the old part of the house? *(R.)*

BILLY. This is father's last stand—won't let us change anything in here. *(R.C.)*

MRS. TROMLEY. Where is your father? *(L., crosses back of table.)*

BILLY. I suspect that he has retired. *(Laughs.)*

(DIDSWORTH, MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD *and* MRS. TROMLEY *laugh; the others perhaps a trifle annoyed at their being amused. After all are into room,* EVANS *enters, brings chips on with other apparatus, exits* R. *of* C. *and returns almost immediately with a rack of chips, the upright revolving tray preferable, as it can be recognized from the front, and puts them on table at* R. *No wait.)*

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD. *(To* EMILY *and* FRANCES) Are you fond of this silly game? (BILLY *gets chair* R.)

EMILY. *(C., innocently)* I never saw it played.

FRANCES. I lost five francs at Monte Carlo.

MRS. TROMLEY. *(Laughing)* I lost my letter of credit.

BILLY. I nearly lost my character. We couldn't play bridge—you know, odd numbers. *(Laughter. During this talk leisurely preparations for gathering about table. Begins to take chips from rack.)* Who's going to bank?

DIDSWORTH. *(Has come to* R. *of table to assist him)* If no one else cares to take the risk, I'll bank.

MRS. TROMLEY. Oh, Major—with your luck!

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD. *(Pointedly)* Perhaps the Major doesn't know that the bank always wins.

DIDSWORTH. Percentage is very small—really.

BILLY. That's all right, Major—you bank. I'll give each one—— *(Hesitating.)*

DIDSWORTH. Fifty dollars—we'll start easy.

(During this talk the people may be taking their places at the table. TOM *and* EMILY *moving up chairs. Positions at table as indicated below.)*

BILLY. Going to play, Emily?

EMILY. *(Sits on arm of chair* L.*)* I'll watch for a while.

BILLY. *(Pushing stacks to* TOM, MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD *and* MRS. TROMLEY *and taking one himself)* Whites a dollar—blues five—reds ten—all understand?

TOM. What are the yellows?

DIDSWORTH. They are markers, my boy—fifty dollars apiece.

TOM. Fifty? They don't interest me—I'm going to fly low.

(BESSIE *enters* L., *attired for the street; rather zippy hat and smart jacket. When* EMILY *and* FRANCES *see her they clap their hands lightly, remembering her performance. She acknowledges with a bow. All turn and look at her, postponing start of game. Cries of "Speech! Speech!")*

TOM. Speech! Speech!

EMILY. *(To* BESSIE*)* Stay awhile and watch them.

BESSIE. *(Coming over to* L. *of table)* What is this—a mining-camp layout?

FRANCES. Did you ever see it played?

BESSIE. Did I ever—— Out in Nevada I used to get a blue chip every time I went to Sunday school. *(General laugh.)* My father wrote that game. *(General laugh.)*

(BILLY, TOM, MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD *and* MRS. TROMLEY *have been putting down bets.)*

DIDSWORTH. All down? Here goes! *(Murmur.)*

BILLY. Major, this is where I get even. *(After the ball drops. Spins the ball, the players watching.* TOM *spins so as not to take too much time.)* I didn't get even that time.

EMILY. *(Fascinated—to* BESSIE, *the three girls at* L. *of table)* If you put one of those on a number, and it comes—what do you get?

BESSIE. Heart disease. *(General laugh.)*

TOM. I never could beat this game. Give it a good roll this time, Major. *(Whirls.)* Didn't come within a mile of it.

DIDSWORTH. *(Calling)* Eleven and black. *(Starts murmuring. Looking at board.)* Dear Mrs. Tromley has one modest bet on the black, but no one appears to have been fortunate enough to select eleven.

(MRS. TROMLEY *rises and goes up beside* BILLY. DIDSWORTH *is raking in chips—*BILLY *assisting him.)*

TOM. In other words—we lose. *(Putting down some more bets.)*

EMILY. *(Watching* DIDSWORTH*)* He takes everything, does he?

MRS. TROMLEY. The Major is having his usual luck.

BESSIE. That's what he's here for.

FRANCES. Look at all the money the Major made that time! What are you going to do with it? If I were you, I'd stop now.

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD. *(While* MAJOR *is raking in chips)* This game was always a dreadful bore to me.

(LEMUEL, *in evening clothes, with coat on arm and carrying silk hat, appears on landing of stairway and surveys the group.)*

DIDSWORTH. Shall I proceed?

LEMUEL. Good evening, all. *(Heartily. All turn, startled, and look up at him.)*

TOM. Dad!

BILLY. Father!

EMILY. Uncle!

FRANCES. Mr. Morewood!

MAJOR. By Jove!

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD. Really!

MRS. TROMLEY. Well!

LEMUEL. Don't let me stop the game. Do you mind if I join you?

(People at table look at one another inquiringly—dazed.)

DIDSWORTH. Not at all, my dear Mr. Morewood.

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD. We shall be charmed.

LEMUEL. *(Coming down stairway)* Evans! Any fun going on—always like to participate. *(As he comes to foot of stairway he gives coat and hat to* EVANS, *who comes to take them, and goes to table between* BILLY *and* MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD.*)* What do you call it, Billy?

BILLY. *(Still stunned)* Ah—roulette.

LEMUEL. *(Looking curiously at layout)* How do you play it—put up a margin?

BESSIE. *(Coming close to table to assist him—talking glibly)* Let me explain. Thirty-six numbers—even money bets on black, red—odd, even—high, low. Then you can play the dozens of the rows, two to one. Any number flat pays thirty-five—split, seventeen.

LEMUEL. Hold on—you tell me what to do and

I'll do it. I need some of those buttons, don't I? *(General laugh.)*

MAJOR. He calls them buttons. *(Reaching over to chips stacked by wheel and picking up twenty yellows. Some laughter of an embarrassed kind when he calls them buttons.)*

TOM. Hold on, Father—not those!

LEMUEL. Why not?

BILLY. You've got the markers—those are worth fifty dollars a piece.

(General laughter. DIDSWORTH, MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD *and* MRS. TROMLEY *particularly amused.* LEMUEL *is nettled.)*

LEMUEL. Fifty! If they're *worth* that much, I don't mind buyin'.

BESSIE. *(Delighted, eager)* How about it, Major—do the yellows go?

DIDSWORTH. *(A little nervous over the high play but not daring to weaken—besides, feeling that he has the greater chance to win)* Certainly—if Mr. Morewood wishes——

LEMUEL. *(To* BESSIE) What do I do?

BESSIE. Only one way to cripple the bank. Play the numbers flat.

LEMUEL. You mean one on a number?

BESSIE. That's it.

(The others stop putting down checks and are watching LEMUEL *intently—silent and amused.)*

LEMUEL. *(Setting them down carefully)* Five—seventeen—twenty-three—thirty-one.

BESSIE. *(Confidentially, to* EMILY *and* FRANCES, *who have come up close and are looking over her shoulder)* Say—he's played this game before.

(TOM *gets to* L. *of table.)*

DIDSWORTH. Is that all?

LEMUEL. That'll do for the present. (DIDSWORTH *rolls the ball—and looking silently.)* Aren't you allowed to talk during the game?

DIDSWORTH. Fourteen and red. You were near it. Very near it. *(Raking in chips.)*

LEMUEL. Right next door. *(Cheerily.)* Well, let us persevere. *(Putting down more chips.)*

FRANCES. *(Frightened whisper)* He lost two hundred dollars.

DIDSWORTH. All ready?

LEMUEL. Let 'er go! (DIDSWORTH *spins ball and rolls wheel.* LEMUEL *to those about him)* What's the matter, you folks—all stopped playin'?

TOM. We're not in your class.

DIDSWORTH. *(With a sigh of relief)* Single O! *(Taking in chips.)*

LEMUEL. That little thing up there—hadn't noticed that. *(Begins putting down more.)*

EMILY. Then he lost three hundred dollars—somebody ought to stop him.

BESSIE. *(Impatiently—with the fever of the game on her)* Let him alone! *(To* LEMUEL) That's right—stick to the same numbers.

LEMUEL. I am very fond of these numbers.

(MRS. PEASLEY *enters and stands inside, watching, horrified.)*

DIDSWORTH. *(Becoming more nervous)* All down? *(Rolls the ball.)* Now, then—if it should happen to come——

LEMUEL. If at first you don't succeed—let her go again! *(Cheerily—beaming at those about him. All watching ball—*BESSIE *leaning well over table.)*

BESSIE. *(As ball stops—almost screaming)* Seventeen!

(General gasp of amazement—ad lib. bus. EMILY *and* FRANCES *frantic.* TOM *delighted;* BILLY *serious;* MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD *and* MRS. TROMLEY *much amused.)*

LEMUEL. I win—do I?

BESSIE. I guess yes—seventeen hundred and fifty dollars.

LEMUEL. *Now* what do I do?

BESSIE. Cash in, always. How many yellows you got?

LEMUEL. *(Looking at those in his hand—rapid action through here)* Six.

BESSIE. *(Glibly)* One on the board, seven—three fifty and seventeen fifty—twenty-one hundred. You owe for a stack, thousand. Eleven hundred dollars velvet.

LEMUEL. Eleven hundred velvet? What do you think of that? Well, I quit right here.

(DIDSWORTH *on cue "cash in" begins taking some money from his waistcoat pocket—several large bills.)*

DIDSWORTH. *(Trying to keep his nerve—appears unconcerned)* Really, I don't carry that amount with me—but——

LEMUEL. There's a hundred dollars there—— *(Reaching out and taking two bills.)* Now, for the balance we might say—*(Meaningly)*—a check.

(WARNING.)

DIDSWORTH. Oh, quite so—a check. I'll give you my check with pleasure.

LEMUEL. Yes—you know. One thousand—a check.

DIDSWORTH. *(Raking check from another pocket, affecting cheerful manner)* Quite right—that will just make it. *(Bus. of giving check.)*

LEMUEL. *(Turning to* BESSIE) Well, now what will I do?

BESSIE. Well, it's customary—after a killing to go out and—*(Gesture)*—blow it.

LEMUEL. Must have a coat and hat if I'm going to blow it. Are you with me—little supper—gilded café?

BESSIE. Sure thing!

LEMUEL. *(Briskly)* All right, we'll go out and—*(Gesture)*—blow it. Evans, my coat and hat. *(He comes across to* L. *of table as* EVANS *helps him into coat which must be of extreme and swell pattern.)* I took your coat, Tommy. That all right?

TOM. Sure.

LEMUEL. What do we care about this check? *(As* EVANS *goes to get hat,* LEMUEL *tears up check and throws it into waste-basket at* L. *table. Bus. and murmur of surprise from* TOM, MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD, MRS. TROMLEY, BESSIE, EMILY *and* FRANCES, *they not knowing that it is his own check. As* EVANS *hands him his hat)* Good night. Good night, everybody. *(To* BESSIE) Bessie!

BILLY. *(As* BESSIE *joins* LEMUEL) *Bessie?*

BESSIE. *(Looking at* LEMUEL *admiringly and mischievously)* Well, of all the dead game——

LEMUEL. You didn't know it was in me, did you?

BESSIE. I should say not!

LEMUEL. Neither did they! *(He is approaching corridor at* R.*—puts on hat at a rakish angle. Exit with* BESSIE. *Everyone in the room standing staring at* LEMUEL *and* BESSIE*—stupefied, motionless. Tableau.)*

CURTAIN

"Father and the Boys"

See page 12

ACT III

SCENE: *Sea View Race Course. Set represents a row of private boxes in the upper part of a grand stand adjoining the clubhouse. It is a section of the grand stand not open to the general public, but set aside for private box-holders who have also the privileges of the clubhouse. The view from in front is supposed to be across a promenade running behind the boxes, then the boxes railed off from one another, and beyond that the open race course, although, of course, we are supposed to be so far above the ground that we see nothing in the foreground beyond the railing, but only the opposite side of the course and the open country. Good chance for an effective panorama drop. Three boxes are plainly shown on stage and two more are indicated. The boxes shown on stage are marked L, M and N and then off to* R. *and* L. *we see two other boxes, K and O. If necessary for masking purposes, we can throw a wall beyond the box indicated O, in the diagram, and possibly can draw an awning beyond the box indicated as K, although it would be preferable, if feasible, to suggest to the people in front an unbroken row of boxes extending off* R. *and* L. *The general scheme of these boxes is white or some light color. They are partitioned off by light wooden railings or gas-pipe material, with small open gate down stage. Five chairs of some light material in each box. Space between the footlights and the boxes sufficient to sug-*

gest a free promenade space extending off R. *and* L., *but do not build boxes too far up stage, as much of the talk takes place down there. The whole suggestion of the set should be gay, light and cheery. It is the opening day of the big race meeting. If striped awnings extending out over boxes toward rear help the effect they may be utilized. The promenade off* L. *is supposed to lead to the clubhouse. The promenade off* R. *leads to the betting ring and the general grand stand.*

AT RISE *of curtain the first race of the day is being run. General effect of crowd off stage. In box at* R., *indicated as box "L," are* BILLY, MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD *and* MRS. TROMLEY, *the two women up stage from him, watching race, he standing behind them with field glasses, looking first almost directly up stage and then off* R. *as horses come into the stretch. In box at* L. *of* C., *and indicated as "N," are* TOM, EMILY *and* FRANCES. *The two girls next to the railing, much interested in race,* TOM *standing behind them. He also may have glasses. Other persons following race seated in boxes indicated as K and O, the number to be determined by the stage manager—probably at least three in each box. Big shout. Suggest that phonograph be tried for off-stage music and crowd effects. No desire to make any big or sensational scene out of this, but one with plenty of light and color, and enough in the way of consistent off-stage effects to make it convincing. The month is June, and all the men and women in this set may be as gay and summery in their attire as they choose. Action must be snappy, dialogue speeded up somewhat. Whole effect one of the rather*

strained and intense gaiety of an important race day.

Shouts die as curtain rises. Phonograph used when crowd shouts.

DISCOVERED: *At rise of curtain, with off-stage effects to help, women watching intently,* TOM *half talking to himself and half describing to the young women.*

TOM. *(Looking through glasses)* Look at that yellow thing coming up on the outside! Look at him come up! Pace-maker's about ready to quit. By George, that's a pretty race! Knew he'd run his head off! *(Watching them up the stretch.)* Took too wide a turn! Come through, Mr. Yellow!

BILLY. *(Looking through glasses)* Mighty interesting race.

TOM. *(Moderately excited)* Look at 'em whip! Nose and nose! Get busy, you boy in yellow! *(Noise of crowd louder as horses approach wire.* EMILY *and* FRANCES, *excited, arise. Ad lib. bus., all looking down over rear rail at finish. Noise dies away, indicating that horses have passed the wire.)* Number eight wins! *(Referring to programme. All have programmes.)* Number eight—Manzanita.

EMILY. *(Still fluttering)* That's the one I told you—such a pretty name!

(At the conclusion of the race all the people in boxes may turn to talk among themselves. Two or three extra people may be sent across down stage rapidly—in opposite directions—passing, as people in boxes turn to talk among themselves.)

TOM. *(Across to* BILLY) Corkin' good race, Billy!

BILLY. Rather good. *(Calmly.)*

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD. Such a mob! *(Looking over railing.)* I see very few people I know.

BILLY. This is the day for the multitude. *(Across to* FRANCES) Did you pick the winner?

FRANCES. I wanted the blue and white to win.

TOM. *(To* BILLY) Thought the Major had this box between us.

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD. Where is the dear Major? I haven't seen him since the night he had the very disastrous encounter with your very lively pa-pah. *(She and* MRS. TROMLEY *laugh—the others slightly annoyed.)*

BILLY. *(Wishing to change topic, which is not agreeable to* EMILY *or* FRANCES) The Major's out West somewhere—business trip, I believe.

TOM. Funny that no one grabbed his box—such a demand.

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD. *(Who has risen to survey crowd right and left)* Let's stroll in to the clubhouse and see who's there. *(To* BILLY) Will the young ladies go?

BILLY. I'm sure they'd be delighted. *(Calling across—*MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD *and* MRS. TROMLEY *preceding him out of box)* Are you with us? Something long and cool?

FRANCES. I am. Emily wants to stay here and bet on the next race.

EMILY. Why, Frances! I wouldn't know how to bet! *(Leave box.)*

TOM. You can get all the action you want right at the clubhouse.

(EMILY *and* FRANCES *have preceded* TOM, *coming from box as* MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD *and* MRS. TROMLEY *cross toward* L. *All are going off* L. *toward clubhouse in leisurely way.* BILLY *falling behind with* TOM.)

BILLY. We'll join you in a moment.

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD. *(As the four women are moving off* L.*)* Be careful, Billy! Don't bet too heavily. Remember the family failing. *(She and* MRS. TROMLEY *exeunt* L. *behind* EMILY *and* FRANCES.*)*

TOM. *(*L.C.*)* She's kidding you about father.

BILLY. *(*C.*)* So is everybody else. *(Anxiously)* Girls asking any questions?

TOM. I've lied myself black in the face—told 'em the doctor ordered him to take this trip. Isn't that a star performance—out on a yacht four days!

(FORD *enters* R.—*sees them.)*

BILLY. Back yet?

TOM. I don't know.

FORD. Oh, here you are! Where's your father? (R.C.)

BILLY. *(Waving his hands)* Don't ask! We can't keep tab on him any more. *(This whole scene with the three must be played with speed and animation.)*

TOM. You know, the first week or two—it was a kind of joke—but now——

BILLY. Have you seen that new motor car he's driving? (FORD *nods sadly.)*

TOM. You have to look quick if you want to see it!

FORD. What do they think—up at the house?

BILLY. We've had to fake up all kinds of yarns to protect him—explain his absence—being out nights——

TOM. Did you hear about the supper party?

FORD. I was there.

BILLY. What?

FORD. He insisted.

BILLY. Gay?

FORD. Fairly so—Bessie was the guest of honor.

TOM. *(To* BILLY) Isn't that the limit? And now—out with a bunch of Indians on a yacht.

FORD. No, he isn't—got a hurry-up call to meet him here—said he had a couple of good things.

TOM. *(L.)* Great Scott! *(Crossing.)*

BILLY. Really, Mr. Ford, it's getting to be serious!

TOM. Talk about hittin' the high spots! *(Slightly to* L.C.*)*

BILLY. Hasn't been at the office for four days!

FORD. *(Smiling)* Of course—little recreation—

BILLY. Recreation—rats!

TOM. *(L.C.)* Us two at the office all morning—workin' like dogs! It's a fright!

FORD. I'll confess that I never expected to see your father quite so rejuvenated.

TOM. The whole thing's ridiculous. And you—*(To* FORD)—ought to give him a quiet tip. He read in a book, or saw in a play somewhere, that the way to cure us was for him to get out and make a holy show of himself.

BILLY. So we'd be ashamed of ourselves.

FORD. *(Laughing)* To tell you the truth, I rather suspect——

BILLY. *(Crosses to* FORD) Plain as day—you tell him that we see through it. *(C.)* Because, if he doesn't slack up, the newspapers——

TOM. *(L.C., looking off* L.*)* The ladies are becoming impatient. You'll lose your ticket, Billy, if you're not careful.

BILLY. *(To* FORD, *taking him by the arm, starting off)* A sip of something cool? *(They start* L. *This scene among three must be rapid-fire and earnest.)*

FORD. Your father——

TOM. *(As all move* L.*)* You'll never find him in this crowd. I don't want to find him—if he's got that fairy with him! *(On this line and as the three*

exeunt L., TUCK *enters* R. *hastily, running along behind boxes, looking at letters on them. Exit arm in arm*—FORD C., BILLY *up stage,* TOM *down stage.)*

TUCK. *(Checking off—he may have stubs in his hand)* K! L! M! *(Turning and beckoning off* R. *and calling)* Here you are! Box M! *(Runs into box C and looks over railing. Comes out again as* LEM, *preceded by* BESSIE, *enters* R. BESSIE *made up in showy costume with motoring veil. They have come out in car.* LEMUEL *in juvenile costume, straw hat, and field glasses over his shoulder.* TUCK *speaks to them as they enter)* Grand spot—right over the wire!

BESSIE. *(Hurrying into box—very enthusiastic and unrestrained)* Oh, what a glorious view! *(Looking over railing.)*

LEMUEL. *(Entering* C.*)* Say, which is our box? All right, I can find it. *(Following* BESSIE *into box and glancing over railing.)* Oh, we can see the whole works!

TUCK. I told you we'd miss the first race, and Manzanita was a pipe! (LEMUEL *and* BESSIE *in box* —TUCK *outside.)*

LEMUEL. We had plenty of time—if they hadn't arrested us.

BESSIE. How fast did that policeman say we were going?

TUCK. Sixty miles an hour.

LEMUEL. Speed limit is eight. *(Chuckling.)*

(BESSIE *turns and walks to railing up stage and looks over at crowd as* LEMUEL *and* TUCK *continue.)*

TUCK. Great balloon you've got.

LEMUEL. Not enough horse-power—only eighty.

TUCK. Oh—but that Manzanita baby. A crime! Had it under my cuff for a month. You want to unbelt on this second race.

LEMUEL. Unbelt?

TUCK. The family jewels! A sleeper in this race!

LEMUEL. *(Bewildered)* Sleeper, eh?

TUCK. *(Calling attention to the programme)* A little razzooer that they've had bottled up. To-day they put it across—nothin' to it! She'll win as far as you can throw an anvil. Dig!

(BESSIE *waves handkerchief at friends in grand stand below.)*

LEMUEL. Dig?

TUCK. The favorite is St. Francis. A beetle—believe me—a beetle—only got three legs!

LEMUEL. *(Looking at him wonderingly)* A three-legged beetle—that'll be interesting.

TUCK. Some people say Shootin' Star, but no—that boy they got up is one large lump of Herkimer County. Say, he could ride on the engine of a Long Island train and the baggage car'd beat him into the station!

LEMUEL. I'd believe anything about a Long Island train.

TUCK. If this Bonnie Lass thing don't go through I'll go up on the grand stand and jump off in the crowd.

LEMUEL. Hold on, now! Don't be rash! Of course I understand everything you say, but I don't know what you mean, but I gather that you want me to bet on Bonnie Lass.

TUCK. Right on the nose—up and down the line—make 'em all rub! (LEMUEL *is taking roll of bills from his pocket.)*

LEMUEL. *(Beginning to skin off the bills)* Well, I don't want to be a picker—or pucker—or poker—or whatever you call it.

TUCK. *(Disgusted)* Piker—piker——

LEMUEL. Well, I don't want to be one.

TUCK. Dig—dig—— (BILLY *enters* L. *nervously and anxious, looking for his father. As* LEMUEL *begins counting out money to* TUCK *he stops and watches him in dismay.)* Come across! Keep on till your arm gives out! We'll have them bookies walkin' home!

LEMUEL. Want to save a little for the next race.

TUCK. We'll parlay 'em.

LEMUEL. Will we?

TUCK. With the dope I've got to-day I could run a toothpick up into a lumber-yard!

BILLY. *(Breaking in)* Father!

LEMUEL. *(Turning and seeing* BILLY*—heartily)* Why, hello, Billy! We're about to record a slight guess on the next race. *(To* TUCK) That'll do.

TUCK. *(As he hurries off* R.*)* I'll have 'em all jumpin'!

BILLY. *(Seeing* BESSIE *in box, dismayed, to* LEMUEL) Have you taken this box?

LEMUEL. Yes—thought I'd like to be in between you boys. Kind of a family party. (BESSIE *suddenly arises and turns excitedly to* LEMUEL.)

BESSIE. What do you think! Whole bunch of girls I know down there! *(Sees* BILLY *and speaks to him cordially)* Why, how do you do, Mr. Morewood?

TUCK. *(As he comes on)* All goin' to St. Francis! Bonnie Lass eight, three and even. Do you want it to go straight, or plaster it across the board?

LEMUEL. *(Puzzled)* Yes—well—plaster it. Straight plaster—— *(Then to* BILLY*)* I don't know what he's talkin' about.

(TUCK *starts off* R. *as* BESSIE *calls to him.)*

BESSIE. *(Calling)* Hey, there! (TUCK *stops.)* How can I get downstairs?

TUCK. Right out here—— I'll show you.

(BESSIE *hurries from box and follows* TUCK *off* R.)

BESSIE. *(As she exits* R.*—calling back to* LEMUEL) I'll be back presently.

LEMUEL. *(Cheerily)* All right.

BILLY. *(Looking after her)* Did you bring her out here?

LEMUEL. Yes—what about it?

BILLY. Really, Father, I—I don't want to criticise you, but you know——

LEMUEL. Isn't she all right? You brought her to our house.

BILLY. She may be all right in a way, but——

LEMUEL. But what?

BILLY. Well—she has no social standing.

LEMUEL. Neither have I. *(Crosses* R.*, back of* C.*)*

BILLY. Who is she? Where does she come from?

LEMUEL. Out West. Most of our old New York families come from out West.

BILLY. But what will people say—a man of your age around with a young woman who——

LEMUEL. Is it any worse than a young man cavortin' 'round with an old woman? Let me tell you something. I've known her for a month. Been around with her a lot. Never had so much fun in my life—— *(Bus. of chuckling.)*

BILLY. *(Sorrowful—shaking his head)* You've had a busy month.

LEMUEL. I can size up people—she's all right. Had a hard row to hoe—came through without bein' spoiled in any particular—and she's been mighty pleasant to me. *(On this line* TUCK *hurries in from* R.*—still has some money left. Does not come all the way across, but simply reports to* LEMUEL.*)*

TUCK. Been playin' it across—but the rest of it—zing! Straight! *(With bus.)* Are you game?

LEMUEL. Certainly. Zing it! Let her zing! *(Bus.)*

TUCK. *(As he exits* R.*)* That's the stuff!

BILLY. *(Much pained)* Did you bring him with you?

LEMUEL. That's my betting commissioner—everybody has one. I know he's all right—great friend of Tommy's. *(Looks off* L.*)* And speakin' of Tommy——

(TOMMY *enters* L. *with* FRANCES *and* EMILY. LEMUEL *goes over to meet them.* TOMMY *crosses back of* LEMUEL R.C.*)*

EMILY. Uncle! *(Delighted—giving him her hand.)* You look twenty years younger.

LEMUEL. I'm thirty years younger.

FRANCES. We heard you'd been ill.

LEMUEL. Ill! Four days at sea and never missed a meal! How are you, Tommy? (TOM *standing back, grumpy.)*

TOM. Been busy—lot of things comin' up. *(Girls going into box N,* L.C.*)*

LEMUEL. *(Gratified at this news)* Sorry I can't get around to help you. (LEMUEL *into box M.)*

TOM. *(Pause. To* BILLY, *who has been waiting for a chance to speak)* You'd better hustle out there —the queen is becoming a trifle peevish.

BILLY. She's a little toppy to-day. Did you notice how she treated Frances? *(Going* L.*)*

(LEMUEL *has gone into box M. Bus. of chatting, with* EMILY *and* FRANCES.)

TOM. *(Looking after* BILLY) Good! I guess you're comin' out of the trance. (BILLY *exits* L. *without response as* TOM, *who is* R. *of box M, turns and calls to* LEMUEL) Oh, Father—just a moment.

LEMUEL. *(Up stage in box M)* Young ladies, I'll be back. *(Comes down and out of box—may sit on railing.* LEMUEL *and* TOM *look at each other for a moment in silence.)*

TOM. Far be it from me to roast my only living parent, but don't you think you're cuttin' a pretty wide gash for a man of your age?

LEMUEL. My age—just in the prime of my life. Man's as old as he feels——

TOM. People are beginning to talk.

LEMUEL. Look here! The only folks in this town that amount to anything are the ones that are talked about. I want 'em to talk abou me.

TOM. You'll get your wish if you keep on trailin' around with that song-bird!

LEMUEL. Bessie? She's a peacherine—a lah-lah—I mean a loo-loo.

TOM. *(With sarcasm)* You're learning—I can see that.

LEMUEL. A pipe—I am a twelve-cylinder kid these days.

TOM. *(Shaking hands with him—then with sarcasm)* Good! You're gettin' some new ones.

LEMUEL. Sure, Mike! Oh, I'm gradually catching up with the procession.

TOM. I should say you are—you're seven miles ahead of them.

LEMUEL. What's the kick? Everybody told me, "Take a vacation—circulate—have some fun—cut loose——" (MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD, MRS. TROMLEY, BILLY *and* FORD *enter* L.) I've got out and cut loose—and now you're tryin' to head me off. Nay, nay, Pauline! *(Seeing people at* L.—*to* MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD *and* MRS. TROMLEY) How are you? Mighty glad to see you again. *(Goes into box N.)*

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD. *(Somewhat on her dignity—with a slight inclination of the head as she*

passes to box L) Really, Mr. Morewood, what a pleasure.

LEMUEL. *(Cheerily)* I hope so! *(Sound of bugle in the distance.)*

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD. Fancy meeting you out here.

LEMUEL. You're liable to meet me anywhere these days.

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD. So I hear.

LEMUEL. *(To* FORD) Hello, Ford. (BILLY *follows* MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD *and* MRS. TROMLEY *into box* L.) Want in on a good thing? We've got a bottled-up sleeping baby, with three legs——

FORD. A what?

LEMUEL. Bug—beetle—something like that—plaster it—plaster it! *(Waving his hand.)* And then zing it!

FORD. What are you talking about?

LEMUEL. I don't know—just race-track conversation.

EMILY. *(Who has risen excitedly)* Look—they're coming out of the what-you-call-it!

LEMUEL. Yes, I know—the padlock.

(All people in boxes look somewhat to L., *their right, as they face up stage. They are looking at horses coming out of paddock. On this line* BESSIE *out from* R., *running.)*

BESSIE. Look at Bonnie Lass! *(Pointing* L.) She's sure to win. How are you, Mr. Ford? Haven't seen you since we had supper together at--

FORD. *(Embarrassed, interrupting her—*FORD, BESSIE *and* LEMUEL *into box B)* Sh-h! Quite well, thank you.

TOM. *(Having turned and seen* BESSIE *as she comes into box M)* Look at that!

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD. *(To* BILLY) Did your father bring that creature out here?

BILLY. *(Deliberately—indignant, but calm)* Father brought Miss Brayton.

(FORD *into box. Cues must be taken very promptly here. After* BESSIE *in box M, she speaks first to occupants of box N.)*

BESSIE. How do you do? Isn't it great out here? (EMILY *and* FRANCES *somewhat surprised at her make-up and perhaps a little puzzled to find her with* LEMUEL, *but being young and unsuspecting and having liked her at the first meeting, they nod pleasantly.* BESSIE *speaks to* MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD *and* MRS. TROMLEY) How do you do? *(They ignore her. Both examine programmes.)*

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD. Let me see—St. Francis is favorite—what's his number? (BILLY *showing her.)*

BESSIE. *(Comprehending)* Isn't it chilly at the track to-day? *(She and* FORD *sit up stage in box M.* LEMUEL *behind them at* R. *of box. On cue, "track to-day,"* TUCK *comes rushing on from* R., *talking as he comes—greatly excited.)*

TUCK. Sa—a—y, Mr. Morewood! Just get a flash at that filly! *(Climbs up on chair at* L. *and rear of box M.)* Look at her two-step. *(All are looking off* L.*—supposed to be a six-furlong race. As* TUCK *breaks in and gets on chair, people turn about and look at him, amazed and horrified.)* They've shot her full of oolong and got a battery under the saddle. *(To* TOM) Tommy, if this goes through, we'll pay the national debt!

LEMUEL. *(Rises—on chair, if better)* Who's that on the box—the umpire?

TUCK. *(Disgusted)* Smoke up! That's the starter. He couldn't start an old ladies' foot race.

Look at that Shootin' Star tryin' to climb over the barrier.

LEMUEL. Is our horse out there?

TUCK. *(Disgusted)* Is our horse—— *(Looking through glasses.)* Let 'em go, you chump! *(Bell—gong.)* They're off! *(Yells. General exclamation, assisted off-stage, marks the get-away. A subdued murmur should continue throughout the race.* TUCK *continues after a pause.)* All in a bunch—we are number four—in a pocket, I think. *(By this time all are looking almost directly up stage.)* I won't eat this winter! Wake up, you goat!

LEMUEL. *(With glasses)* For goodness' sake, which is ours?

TUCK. Follow the white cap. *(Pause.)* St. Francis by a length—runnin' his head off—he'll blow up!

BESSIE. *(Loudly—excited)* White cap! Get a move on you! *(All looking diagonally off by this time.)*

LEMUEL. *(Enjoying it)* Don't yell at him—you'll get him excited.

TUCK. Our boy's layin' back—now, then, on the turn! Look at her come up! Come on, you Bonnie Lass! Come on, you dromedary!

LEMUEL. Beautiful race!

TUCK. It won't look good to me till—— Come on, you rabbit! Come on! *(General noise effect louder.* EMILY, FRANCES, TOM, BILLY *and people in boxes K and O standing, looking down and* R.*)* Anybody's race! Please come on—I ask you like a gentleman—— Look! She's up—now, then, one more jump—— *(Cheering off stage.)*

BESSIE. *(Excited)* We win! We win! *(Noise continues.)*

TUCK. Talk about your heart-disease finishes! Watch for the number. It's all right! *(Slapping* LEMUEL *on back—knocks him off chair.)* What did

I tell you? Nothin' to it! Hooray! *(Very noisy in here.)*

BESSIE. *(Turning to* LEMUEL) How much did you win?

LEMUEL. Ask my commissioner.

TUCK. All the money in the world! Back up a wagon! Come on and see me get it! *(Grabs* LEMUEL *by the arm and they come out of box and exeunt hurriedly* R., *followed by* BESSIE.)

BESSIE. *(As she follows them off)* Wait for me —I'm in on this!

(During whole race scene occupants of adjoining boxes shocked and horrified. When LEMUEL, TUCK *and* BESSIE *exeunt, all watch them off. Pause—people looking at one another blankly.)*

TOM. *(Still standing in box N—watching them off)* Well, I've seen some tall rootin', but if that—

EMILY. *(Standing—she has turned)* What's the matter with uncle, anyway?

TOM. Sh-h! *(Not wishing to attract attention.)* Second childhood!

FRANCES. His young lady friend is what I would call a screamer.

TOM. Let's get out of here before they come back —too strenuous for me! *(They are coming from box.)*

EMILY. *(Bewildered)* I never saw him act that way before. *(Out of box. Band, soft strains, starts.)*

FRANCES. He's the gayest thing!

TOM. *(They are out of box and headed* L.*)* I tell you, girls—a father is a great responsibility.

(TOM, EMILY *and* FRANCES *exeunt* L. FORD *has remained up stage in box M.* MRS. BRUCE-GUIL-

FORD *and* MRS. TROMLEY *aghast and indignant. Out of box to* C.)

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD. *(Turning to* BILLY*—loud and frigid tone)* Mr. Morewood, will you be good enough to find another box for us?

BILLY. I'm afraid——

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD. I knew that a common sort came out here—but Heavens! It's a menagerie! Who are those awful persons? Can't you induce your giddy old parent to take them away?

BILLY. *(With rising indignation)* Really, if father wishes to bring his friends out here, I don't see that it's our affair.

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD. Our affair! You mean that it need not concern me?

BILLY. *(Calmly)* Possibly—you or any one else.

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD. I shan't remain—I never was so humiliated. Such barbarians—— *(She has risen and comes from box.)*

BILLY. *(Unable to control himself)* Mrs. Bruce-Guilford, will you pardon me if I suggest that my father is not a barbarian.

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD. You are becoming impossible. *(Starting* L.*)* I hope my man is waiting at the car.

BILLY. *(Following her* L.*)* I'll find him for you.

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD. I don't want to take you from your friends.

BILLY. *(Following them off* L.*)* That's all right, Mrs. Bruce-Guilford. I'll see you to your car. Then I'll come back and join my father—*(Pause—Bus.)*—and his friends. *(Exit, shaking head.)*

(FORD *comes from box M and watches them off. He has overheard everything and has been interested. He gives a long whistle of surprise as*

LEMUEL *enters* R. *with big roll of bills in his hand.)*

LEMUEL. *(Showing money)* Look, Ford! Been workin' for it all my life—now they've been handing it to me in bunches! *(Cross* R.C.*)*

FORD. You've raised the devil.

LEMUEL. How's that?

FORD. Billy's friend objects to your friends. He stood up for you.

LEMUEL. Did he? Bully for him!

FORD. They've gone home. Looks like a smash-up!

LEMUEL. What? *(Delighted.)* That's too good to be true. Just what I wanted. Now he'll get away from that antique siren and pay some attention to Emily. I'll tell you, everything's workin' out fine. Boys at the office every day, workin'. And did you notice—Tommy's out here to-day with Frances?

FORD. And Emily.

LEMUEL. Yes, Emily's with them. Oh, it's working! It's working!

FORD. Wonderfully clever—but don't celebrate too soon. The boys are on to you.

LEMUEL. On to me?

FORD. They know that you're showing off in public—giving this whole sporty performance merely as an object lesson.

LEMUEL. Oh—they think I'm havin' a good time just for their benefit?

FORD. They think that you read in a book somewhere——

LEMUEL. Read in a book? *(Manner very emphatic.)* Then you tell 'em something for me! I'm havin' a good time because I enjoy it—wanted to do it all my life! If they think it's a bluff—just let 'em watch me, that's all!

FORD. Great heavens, Morewood! You don't mean to say——

LEMUEL. I mean to say I've just started—I've got Bessie for a pace-maker and I'm goin' over all the jumps. You notify those two partners of mine to get back of the ropes and watch me perform. Tell 'em that for me.

FORD. *(Amazed—starting* L. *and shaking his head)* If you're in earnest, I guess I *had* better tell them. *(As he starts* L., BESSIE *enters* R.*)*

LEMUEL. *(Calling after* FORD*)* Tell 'em furthermore that I don't need a guardian.

BESSIE. Where's all the bunch?

LEMUEL. I think most of 'em are runnin' around the track. *(On this line* TUCK *enters* R. BESSIE *into box M.)* Onto me—are they?

TUCK. *(Breaking in)* Say—I've got a pippin for the next race—Bluebird.

BESSIE. *(Startled)* Bluebird! Oh!

LEMUEL. What's the matter?

BESSIE. Jimminy crickets! That reminds me. *(Begins hurriedly to open her purse—out of box* L.C.*)* Bluebird's the name of that mine. Got a chance to sell it.

LEMUEL. *(*R.C*)* I remember.

BESSIE. Telegram came just as I left the flat. Got so rattled zippin' out here—forgot all about it.

LEMUEL. *(Amused at her excitement)* Well, you can't sell a gold mine at a race track—might sell a gold brick—but——

BESSIE. I want to send a wire.

LEMUEL. Oh!

TUCK. Office right downstairs.

BESSIE. *(To* TUCK*)* Get me a blank. (TUCK *starts* R.) And say—— (TUCK *stops.)* Find out the rate to Goldfield, Nevada.

LEMUEL. Goldfield! *(Surprised.)*

TUCK. *(Waiting over at* R.*)* Let's get down on this Bluebird thing.

(BESSIE *has taken telegram from purse.)*

LEMUEL. Never mind that now. Get a blank. (TUCK *exits* R. *as* BESSIE, *having taken telegram from purse, is reading it.* LEMUEL *is mildly interested.)* Let me see it.

BESSIE. Don't think I'd better—he asked me not to say anything to you about it.

LEMUEL. He? Who?

BESSIE. Guess it doesn't make any difference. *(Hands* LEMUEL *telegram.)*

LEMUEL. *(Taking telegram and reading it)* "Can get thousand dollars your interest Bluebird—Rush stock Wells-Fargo—Wire acceptance immediately. Major Bellamy Didsworth." *(Bus. of surprise.)* Is he——

BESSIE. Happened to be going out West—said he'd look after my property. A thousand dollars! Isn't that like finding it?

LEMUEL. *(Staring at telegram)* Goldfield! He happened to go out West, eh? When?

BESSIE. About a week ago.

LEMUEL. Told you not to say anything to me?

BESSIE. Yes—he explained—he said you wouldn't understand.

LEMUEL. He was afraid I would understand. *(Still looking at telegram.)* A thousand dollars. Why, you little ninny! Don't you see, he went out on purpose.

BESSIE. *(Surprised)* Do you think so?

LEMUEL. If he offers a thousand dollars, you can bet——

BESSIE. *(Eagerly)* Wouldn't you take it?

LEMUEL. Take it? No! Jump on the first train

—get out there—find out what you've got. That whole country is on the boom.

BESSIE. You told me to sell it.

LEMUEL. I didn't tell you to sell it to the Major, and I didn't know it was in Goldfield——

BESSIE. *(C.R.)* What do I know about——

LEMUEL. *(R.C.—slapping telegram wrathfully, crossing C.)* The Major, eh? Fine scheme he's trying to work. If I could only—— *(Hesitates, then forcibly)* I can!

BESSIE Can what?

LEMUEL. I'm on a vacation—haven't been out West for years. What time is it? *(Looking at watch.)* We'll catch the afternoon train for Chicago —just got time.

BESSIE. I can't go to Nevada—it'd break me all up—that's where I lost my Cal.

LEMUEL. Never mind your Cal.

BESSIE. You can't get away.

LEMUEL. Yes, I can—want to get away—where the boys can't get word to me. I'll dump the whole business on them and make 'em carry it. (TUCK *enters R. with telegram blank in hand.)* Bessie, I'll take you under my wing, and we'll give somebody in Goldfield a surprise party.

(TUCK *has been listening—comes over and breaks in.)*

TUCK. *(Bus., crosses L. after snatching blank—as he comes)* Say, they're hammerin' Bluebird to death. Started seven—down to four. *(Hands blank to* BESSIE.) For the love of Mike, get on—quick!

LEMUEL. *(To* TUCK) Here—we've got to hike back and catch that afternoon train for Chicago. Go and get Lake Shore on the 'phone for me—and then let me know.

TUCK. But say—Bluebird—I got it from an owner——

LEMUEL. Oh, darn your Bluebird! Go and get Lake Shore! *(Pushing him toward* R. TUCK *exits* R. LEMUEL *turns to* BESSIE, *very enthusiastic, all worked up.)* We'll do a Paul Revere that'll break all records!

BESSIE. I'm with you!

(TOM *enters hurriedly from* L., *followed by* FORD. *What* FORD *has told him has evidently alarmed him. As they enter)*

LEMUEL. *(To* BESSIE) While I'm at the 'phone, you have the car brought up.

BESSIE. *(Going* R.) Say—it's great to have a manager! *(Exits* R. *hurriedly.)*

TOM. *(Anxiously,* C.) Father—could I see you alone?

LEMUEL. *(Turning)* Impossible. I'm off.

TOM. *(Surprised)* Off?

LEMUEL. May be gone a week—two weeks—month. Can't tell.

TOM. A month? Where are you going? *(Cross to* C.*)*

LEMUEL. What's that to you? I don't poke into your private affairs. I'm goin' out of town.

(TOM *is speechless.* FORD *at* L., *coming a little nearer, ventures to interpose.)*

FORD. Mr. Morewood, don't you think——

LEMUEL. Now, *you* keep out—this doesn't concern you. (TUCK *steps in at* R.)

TUCK. Got the Lake Shore—I'll show you.

LEMUEL. Good! I'm with you! *(Hurries off* R.)

FORD. Lake Shore! (BILLY *enters* L. *rather briskly.)*

TOM. *(Cross* R.*)* Can you beat that?

BILLY. *(Cross* L.C.*)* Gentlemen, congratulate me. I've had my head cut off. She'll never speak to me again as long as I live.

TOM. *(Agitated)* What do you think? Father's gettin' ready to skip out—and I think the coon singer is goin' with him.

BILLY. *(Taking alarm—cross to* TOM *at* R.C.*)* What do you mean?

FORD. *(Breaking in)* Means more than either of you think. I told him that you two were onto him, thought he was out sporting just to show you boys the folly of your ways, and he said that he'd convince you that he was in earnest.

BILLY. *(Aghast)* And you think—— (TUCK *enters* R.*)*

FORD. What else can I think?

TUCK. *(Greatly excited)* Tommy, come here! (TOM *hurries to him.* EMILY *and* FRANCES *enter* L., *listening.)* You've been my friend—I'm goin' to put you hep. *(Looking* R. *apprehensively.)* The old man and that skirt are making a getaway to Goldfield, Nevada.

TOM. Wha-a-at?

EMILY. Skirt?

BILLY. Father and that Brayton girl—isn't it terrible?

EMILY *and* FRANCES. *(Together, dismayed)* Oh-h!

TUCK. *(To* TOM*)* If you overlook this Bluebird——

TOM. Get out! (TUCK *exits* R. *as* TOM *returns to the others.)* They're going to Goldfield!

FORD. That's her old home. She came from Nevada.

FRANCES. *(Cross to* BILLY*)* And he's going back to her home—with her.

EMILY. Why?

BILLY. *(To girls)* No need of concealing the truth any longer.

FRANCES. The truth?

TOM. *(Cross to* EMILY) About father?

FORD. *(Coming into the discussion with an air of authority)* She's got him hypnotized. Evidently has some sentiment about her own home—so they're going there——

EMILY. *(Horrified)* Uncle—married—impossible!

TOM. *(Coming over to comfort her)* They're never too old.

BILLY. Headlines on the front page! What can we do?

FRANCES. Head him off!

TOM. Head him off—a fine chance!

BILLY. *(R.C.)* No chance at all.

TOM. *(L.C.)* She's got him.

BILLY. We can't stand for that!

FRANCES. *(R.C.)* You must follow them——

TOM. They're chasing for the Lake Shore—we never could catch them.

BILLY. We'll take the Pennsylvania to-night.

TOM. You girls must go. *(L.C.)*

EMILY. *(L.)* Without a chaperone?

FORD. *(C.)* No time to stand on ceremony. I'll be your chaperone!

TUCK. *(Entering)* Bluebird at the post! Get on for all you got!

TOM. Don't bother us! Are we a lot of quitters?

ALL. No!

TOM. Then we'll follow them—— *(All start* R.)

(Enter LEMUEL, *singing.)*

LEMUEL. Good afternoon, everybody! Hope

you're having a pleasant day—— *(Goes into box—gets parasol, comes down* C.*)*

BILLY. Father, we understand you're going away.

LEMUEL. *(*C.*)* That's right. No objections, I hope?

EMILY. Uncle—Uncle—please don't go!

ALL. Please!

LEMUEL. Excuse me if I remind this entire bunch that I am quite old enough to look after myself!

BESSIE. *(Enters* R.1*)* The car's waiting! Come on! Come on!

LEMUEL. *(Cross* R.*)* All right—all right—I'm coming! I'm coming! *(Opens parasol and exits.)*

CURTAIN

ACT IV

SCENE: *Office of the Eldorado Hotel in High Strike, a new mining camp near Goldfield, Nevada. The framework is of wood and covered with heavy canvas. The rear wall is canvas extending off* R. *and* L. *with a big wide doorway up* C. *looking out upon a panorama of tents and shacks and a desolate country running off to a mountain range beyond. The "office" of the hotel, or stage space, opens out* R. *and* L. *into passageways. The one at* L. *is supposed to lead off into the dining room and the one at* R. *to sleeping apartments. There is a temporary table at* C. *with a few old newspapers on it; over at* R. *and up stage another temporary table which is used as a desk for the clerk. Register on desk. Beyond it a key rack. Up from the corridor running off* L. *there is a sleeping apartment with a flap doorway indicated. There may be another of these sleeping apartments down stage from the corridor and the same arrangement at* R. *They are open above—merely walled to a height of seven or eight feet. Cheap chairs and camp stools.*

The general purpose of the set is to indicate the rude, temporary shack of a so-called hotel in a boom mining camp. The only decorations of the room may be pictures that have been cut out of illustrated newspapers and pinned on the canvas. Hand-bills, advertising "grand ball" and "advanced vaudeville."

***Artist may have** full leeway if he sees a pos-*

sibility of getting any novel and unique effect. So far as the action is concerned we merely want a big, roomy office in a temporary hotel. A wide doorway opening out on panoramic view, a door at one side leading to a sleeping apartment, another passageway leading to the dining room, a passageway leading to private apartment. Any set which gives us these essentials will answer all the requirements. It should be possible to make this an interesting stage picture.

Passageway leading off L. *to dining room hereafter indicated as* L.1 *as flap doorway down stage from that is not used. The flap doorway leading to sleeping apartments up stage from* L.1 *indicated as* L.2. *Walls of this apartment may be set on an angle. The broad doorway up stage is indicated as* C. *The passageway off* R. *is* R.1; *the flap doorway up stage from it is* R.2.

DISCOVERED: *Curtain rises on empty stage. Time is about nine A.M. Bright June morning.* CLERK *comes immediately from* L.1, *carrying bucket of water across to* R. *He wears store-suit, patent leather shoes and white shirt with blue four-in-hand. He pauses at* C. *and calls, without turning his head:*

CLERK. Last call for breakfast!

DIDSWORTH. *(From behind flap doorway* L.2) All right—I'm up.

CLERK. *(Going in)* You'd better be! *(Half to himself)* Sleepin' till nine o'clock! *(Exits* R.1 *as* CAL HIGBEE *enters* C., *standing for a moment in doorway and then coming down to* R. *of table at* C. HIGBEE *wears new tailor-made suit and brown derby hat—diamond in cravat. Showy badge of fraternal order on lapel and another suspended from watch-*

chain. Not an exaggerated costume, but one suggesting a very recent and extreme prosperity.)

HIGBEE. *(Pounding on table)* Hello, the house!

DIDSWORTH. *(From his apartment—it is open above)* What is it?

HIGBEE. That you, Major?

DIDSWORTH. Yes—it is I.

HIGBEE. *(Turning and looking)* Oh—you're in the bridal chamber! This is Higbee. Just gettin' up?

DIDSWORTH. Won't let me sleep.

HIGBEE. *(R.C.)* You're a fine duck! Here it is —nine G.M.

(DIDSWORTH *comes through flap doorway at* L.2. *He wears flannel shirt, belt, trousers tucked into leather leggings or boots. Broad white Stetson hat dented on top.)*

DIDSWORTH. *(L.C., as he comes out)* What a lovely morning!

HIGBEE. Has been for several hours. What are you made up for?

DIDSWORTH. *(Evidently satisfied with his make-up—after looking out of doorway at* C. *and then coming toward table—*HIGBEE *sitting on edge of table)* When you are in Rome——

HIGBEE. *(R.C., sitting on table)* May be all right for you—but I prefer eastern clothes. Say, how about that stud? *(Calling attention to diamond in his cravat.)* Cost me twelve hundred.

DIDSWORTH. *(L.C., examining it and trying to conceal his contempt)* I've seen very few that were larger. *(Sit chair* L. *of table.)*

HIGBEE. I don't care for diamonds—but I've got to spend my money for something. You know,

money don't mean anything to a man if he's alone in the world.

DIDSWORTH. *(Amused)* My dear Higbee, if you have money you needn't be alone very long.

HIGBEE. I don't want that kind. The only one I ever did want just naturally up and evaporated. She's probably married by this time to some reptile with a long mustache that works in a music store. However, you may have trouble of your own. Any news?

DIDSWORTH. Haven't been to the telegraph office this morning.

HIGBEE. Say—you've got to make good pretty soon, or——

DIDSWORTH. Can't understand it.

HIGBEE. We've waited four days. That's a long time out here. You said you was authorized.

DIDSWORTH. Quite right.

HIGBEE. *(Bluntly)* But you haven't got anything to show for it.

DIDSWORTH. Not yet.

HIGBEE. Whole thing's a puzzle—no question but what old Bud Sanford owned a half interest in the Bluebird. We heard he lost it in a poker game up at Butte. Now you show up from New York, of all places, and say that you've——

DIDSWORTH. I assure you——

HIGBEE. *(With emphasis)* Well, produce—produce. Put your cards on the table!

DIDSWORTH. I've wired every day. Perhaps she——

HIGBEE. She?

DIDSWORTH. *(Rise)* I mean—the parties may be out of town.

HIGBEE. Here! You go in the palm room and get your breakfast—I'll mosey over to the telegraph office and see if anything's doing.

DIDSWORTH. No need of being impatient.

HIGBEE. *(L.C., starting up C., talking as he goes)* Impatient! Monkey four days on a deal that ought to take ten minutes. *(Exits C.R. as* CLERK *returns R.I and sees* DIDSWORTH. *No wait.)*

CLERK. *(L.R., to center)* Get in to your breakfast—nearly dinner time. *(Cross back of counter.)*

DIDSWORTH. *(With a pained expression on his face)* Dinner! I say, my good man, could you get me a cantaloupe—with ice in it?

CLERK. *(Who has come to desk and is straightening up)* Quit your kiddin'. I'm tellin' you to go in there and fly at that breakfast.

DIDSWORTH. *(Going L.)* Vile service! *(Exits L.I as* CLERK *comes from behind desk and out by table to watch him off. Honk of motor car heard outside.)*

CLERK. *(Calling off L.I to kitchen)* Go out and pick a couple of pine-apples for him! *(Then in a tone of disgust)* Cantaloupes!

(Sound of motor car again heard. CLERK *goes up stage to doorway at C. and looks off L., and then beckons.* LEMUEL *enters from L. and stands outside doorway. He also has adopted Western costume, but it need not be as extreme as* DIDSWORTH'S—*say a corduroy suit and white Stetson hat.)*

LEMUEL. *(L.C.)* Where's the hotel?

CLERK. *(R.C.)* Come right in.

LEMUEL. *(Looking in—surprised)* Is this it?

CLERK. What did you think it was—a department store? (LEMUEL *turns and motions off L. and then comes through doorway, followed by* BESSIE, *who is in simple and sensible traveling costume—showing effects of travel.* CLERK *surprised.)* A lady!

BESSIE. *(Cross L., dusting herself—evidently*

they have had a hard ride) What's left of one. *(Cross down* L.*)*

LEMUEL. *(*C.*)* Expected to come out in a stage-coach.

CLERK. *(Looking at him—disgusted)* Stage-coach! Where do you think you are—out West? *(Going to desk up stage at* R.*)* Want to register?

LEMUEL. Not now.

CLERK. How about the lady? Is she——

LEMUEL. Just with me—that's all.

(BESSIE *is dusting herself.)*

CLERK. We're jam up—but you bet she gets a room! *(Looking at her admiringly.)* I'll give her mine!

BESSIE. That's mighty good of you.

CLERK. *(To* LEMUEL*)* You can bunk with the Major.

LEMUEL. *(Surprised)* The Major?

CLERK. He's all right—got a hat just like yours. *(Starts toward* R.I.*)* I'll straighten up my little boudoir. *(Exits* R.I.*)*

LEMUEL. *(Looking after him—somewhat dazed)* Well, he's the freshest——

BESSIE. *(Laughing)* Oh, they're different out here, but they're all right.

LEMUEL. Well, the Major is here. We followed the right trail.

BESSIE. You're a regular born detective.

LEMUEL. But did you ever see such a country?

BESSIE. Ever see it? *(Going up and looking off.)* I'm back home, and I'll tell you it looks good to me.

LEMUEL. *(Surprised)* Looks good to you? *(Pointing out through open doorway) That* kind of a country—after you've been on Fifth Avenue?

BESSIE. *(Down* L.*)* You have to get used to it.

I guess I feel spoony about it because it was out here that I met the *only man*——

LEMUEL. *(Down* L.C., *interested)* The one that went up to Alaska and married the squaw?

BESSIE. *(Mournfully—shaking her head)* Don't talk about it.

CLERK. *(Enter* R.I—*breaking in)* Everything ready, lady. Right down the chute to the room at the end. (BESSIE *starts* R.I. CLERK *continues speech)* You'll find comb and brush—perfumery—hair-oil——

BESSIE. *(As she exits* R.I) Well, good for you!

CLERK. We sure strive to please. (LEMUEL *has walked over to table at* C. *and picked up a newspaper, sits* L. *of it.* CLERK *gets Fedora hat from desk at* R. *and then calls to* LEMUEL) Say—I'm goin' after the mail. Will you be hangin' around here?

LEMUEL. *(Seating himself with newspaper in his hand)* I guess so. Nowhere else to hang.

CLERK. *(As he goes down to* LEMUEL, *who crosses up)* Don't let anybody come in and steal the silverware. *(As he goes out doorway at* C., HIGBEE *enters* C.R. *and he speaks to him.)* Hello, Cal. *(Then turns and indicates* LEMUEL.) Tenderfoot. Sic 'em! *(Exit* R.U.P.*)*

HIGBEE. *(Down* L.C.—*after looking off* L.I *toward dining room and then turning to* LEMUEL) Good morning, stranger.

LEMUEL. *(Looking up—a trifle startled)* How do you do, sir?

HIGBEE. From the East, I see.

LEMUEL. *(Takes off hat, looks at it—somewhat taken back)* How did you know that?

HIGBEE. Oh, I can tell. Out here lookin' over some of these minin' properties?

LEMUEL. *(Lowering his paper and squaring around)* Yes.

HIGBEE. Have you got an open mind—will you believe what you see?

LEMUEL. *(C.)* I hope so.

HIGBEE. *(Glib and earnest)* We've got right here in this camp to-day the greatest proposition on God's green earth—tons of gold right in sight! Now is the time to get it. I've seen the biggest deposits in Alaska, and this lays over any of 'em. The man that's worth ten cents to-day may be a millionaire to-morrow. I'll double your money for you in six months.

LEMUEL. *(Looking at him keenly)* I'm not here to buy—I'm here to sell.

HIGBEE. Sell?

LEMUEL. Do you know this country?

HIGBEE. Every foot of it.

LEMUEL. *(Leading up to it carelessly)* Know anything about—the Bluebird Mine?

HIGBEE. *(Excited)* Bluebird! Say, do you know who owns that other half?

LEMUEL. I'm merely askin' you——

HIGBEE. Well, I own half of it. I'm ready to buy or sell—but no more fourflushin'!

(On this line DIDSWORTH *enters* L.1 *and addresses* HIGBEE.)

DIDSWORTH. Any word?

LEMUEL. *(*L. *of* DIDSWORTH*—turns and sees him—speaks in* DIDSWORTH'S *breezy manner)* Ah—good morning, Major. *(Crosses to* DIDSWORTH. DIDSWORTH *sees him—greatly surprised.* HIGBEE *goes* R.*)*

DIDSWORTH. What! Really, it can't be! *Mr. Morewood!*

LEMUEL. *(Cheerily)* Yes, it can be.

HIGBEE. *(Breaking in—speaking to* DIDSWORTH *and referring to* LEMUEL) Is he the party——

LEMUEL. I'll answer that question. I represent a half-interest in the Bluebird Mine. I'm out here to—— *(Looks across at* DIDSWORTH. *Crosses to back of table.)* Be seated, Major. Let's talk this over.

DIDSWORTH. *(Coming doubtfully toward the table)* Really, I am taken by surprise. I had no idea that you——

LEMUEL. I'll convince you.

(DIDSWORTH *seats himself uneasily at* L. *of table.* HIGBEE *at* R. *and* LEMUEL *in between them.)*

DIDSWORTH. I understood, of course, that I was acting as agent.

LEMUEL. I know you did, but——

HIGBEE. Look here. You're not in New York and this is no directors' meeting. Come down to cases.

LEMUEL. Answer me one question.

HIGBEE. Fire away.

LEMUEL. What is the present market value of a half interest in the Bluebird property?

HIGBEE. Don't know what it's worth—but while this boom is on—and you people back East are off your nuts about minin' stock, I'm willin' to pay seventy-five thousand.

LEMUEL. *(Coming to his feet and turning to* DIDSWORTH) Seventy-five—— *(To* DIDSWORTH) When you offered a *thousand* for it, you must have had enlargement of the heart.

HIGBEE. *(Surprised)* A thousand? *(Rises—to* LEMUEL) What does all this palaver mean?

LEMUEL. *(Rises)* It means that he's been tryin' to bunco and swindle a young woman—a nice, de-

servin' young woman—orphan—works for a livin'—no other property in the world.

HIGBEE. *(To* DIDSWORTH) That don't sound very lucky for you, Major.

DIDSWORTH. The young lady asked me to look after the matter. She was willing to take——

LEMUEL. And you were willin' to rob her!

DIDSWORTH. *(Resenting this and showing more spirit—rises)* Pardon me, Mr. Morewood, but how do you get in on this deal?

HIGBEE. *(Turning to* LEMUEL) I was just about to ask the same question.

LEMUEL. Oh, I've got credentials to burn.

HIGBEE. *(Indignant)* If you have—spread your cards. I'm hearin' a lot of high-grade talk about the poor workin' girl—alone in the world, et cetera; but all I see in evidence is two elderly gents of the short-horn variety. I am now calling for a showdown. (BESSIE *enters* R.I. *Have* HIGBEE *at* R. *of table with his back to her when she comes in.)* Where is this aforesaid orphan?

LEMUEL. *(Looking over and seeing* BESSIE) I'll let her speak for herself. She's standin' right behind you.

(HIGBEE *turns and sees* BESSIE. DIDSWORTH *sees her at the same time, and rises with exclamation of surprise, and bus. As* HIGBEE *turns,* BESSIE *recognizes him. Bus.)*

BESSIE. Cal!

HIGBEE. What! What! *(Staring at her.)* Are you—is it—Bessie! *(He rushes to her, and they embrace.)*

LEMUEL. *(Utterly astounded)* What in thunder!

BESSIE. *(Hysterical with emotion)* Cal—Cal—you old rowdy! What are you doing here?

HIGBEE. *(Still stupefied)* Right back at you. What are you? I tracked you to Denver.

BESSIE. I'm out here to look up the Bluebird Mine. You know, father——

HIGBEE. *(Comprehending)* Did he win that poker hand up at Butte?

BESSIE. I guess so—we found the papers——

LEMUEL. *(Also comprehending)* Great Scott! She has found her long-lost! *(To* BESSIE) Is he the fellow that married the squaw?

HIGBEE. *(Flaring up)* It's a lie!

BESSIE. Don't start anything.

HIGBEE. *(Suddenly realizing the situation)* Then it was you that—— *(Turning from her and going over to table where he can talk straight at* DIDSWORTH.) You offered her a thousand dollars——

LEMUEL. *(Having in the meantime taken the original telegram from his pocket.* DIDSWORTH *does not answer* HIGBEE *immediately and* LEMUEL, *between them, passes telegram to* HIGBEE.) Exhibit A.

DIDSWORTH. *(Very uncomfortable, but trying to preserve his dignity and put up a bluff)* I don't see any occasion for making so much fuss over a simple business transaction.

BESSIE. *(Disgusted)* I'm a bright young thing! I thought he was the best friend——

HIGBEE. *(Ignoring her and talking direct to* DIDSWORTH) I don't need to ask if you've got a gun. You're from the East and I know you've got one. I haven't got any on me, but I'm goin' out and borrow one. The next time we meet you can take three shots at me—then I'm going to begin to shoot——

BESSIE. *(Restraining him—putting her hand on his arm—takes him* R.C.*)* Hold on, Cal! It was my fault.

LEMUEL. *(To* HIGBEE—*referring to* DIDSWORTH) Don't get *him* into a shootin' scrape. He's only a Major. He couldn't shoot off a gun.

DIDSWORTH. Really, I don't see what is to be accomplished by one person shooting at another. Under the circumstances—I say, under the circumstances, I am quite willing to withdraw from the negotiations. *(Goes up slightly* L.*)*

LEMUEL. *(Amused)* Withdraw? You're out already.

BESSIE. Isn't he a wonder?

HIGBEE. (BESSIE *once more putting her hand on his arm to restrain him)* You get out of town—quick!

DIDSWORTH. *(Turns)* Permit me to assure you that this town has no fascinations for me. *(He starts toward his apartment at* L.2 *and then turns, addressing* HIGBEE.) But since you seem to entertain a particular regard for this young woman, permit me to suggest that you inquire regarding Mr. Morewood's interest in her affairs.

LEMUEL. *(Indignant)* What's that?

DIDSWORTH. Possibly he can explain why he has been her protector—why he came out here with her.

BESSIE. Well, of all the *nerve!*

(HIGBEE *starts toward* DIDSWORTH, *but is restrained by* BESSIE. DIDSWORTH *exits* L.2 *and all three look after him blankly. Then* HIGBEE *turns and looks at* BESSIE *alongside of him and then over at* LEMUEL *questioningly.)*

DIDSWORTH. And moreover——

LEMUEL. Get out!

DIDSWORTH. Quite so. *(Exits.)*

LEMUEL. *(To* R. *of table—calmly)* Well, is it my turn to speak?

HIGBEE. No—not if she—— *(Hesitates and looks at* LEMUEL *again)*—but you did come out here with her. *(Honk of motor car is heard outside.)*

LEMUEL. *(Looking* HIGBEE *squarely in the eye)* If you've got anything to say—say it!

BESSIE. Cal, he's the best ever! Square as a die! And if you don't think so, you're going to lose out with me in about ten seconds!

HIGBEE. *(Decisively)* Anything you say goes with me! *(He crosses over and shakes hands with* LEMUEL.)

LEMUEL. *(As he is shaking hands with* HIGBEE) I liked her—and I didn't like the Major—and I saw a chance——

BESSIE. *(Walking past* HIGBEE *and impulsively putting out her hand to* LEMUEL) Cal, he's our friend—aces and eights! *(To* LEMUEL) Mustn't mind him.

(TOM *appears in dorway up* C. *in Western outfit with white hat, and looks down stage at picture. He sees* LEMUEL *and* BESSIE *standing facing each other with their right hands clasped,* HIGBEE *standing in front of them. Let their positions indicate the possibility of a marrage ceremony. Behind* TOM *come the two girls in traveling costume, also* FORD *and* BILLY, *the latter two wearing conventional Western hats, flannel shirts and negligee suits.* BESSIE *continues—)*

BESSIE. He thinks every man east of Denver is a home-destroyer.

TOM. *(Loudly—from doorway)* Hold on! Stop the ceremony!

(All turn and look up stage as the five come down. LEMUEL *and* BESSIE *too much surprised to speak immediately.)*

HIGBEE. Ceremony! What ceremony?

LEMUEL. *(Actually staggering with amazement—bus.)* Great snakes alive—the whole outfit!

BESSIE. Another jolt like this and I'll keel over! *(Referring to the shock.)*

FORD. Morewood, we didn't like to adopt extreme measures, but we thought it necessary.

EMILY. *(Rushing to* LEMUEL—L. *of him)* Oh, Uncle—Uncle! *(Embracing him.* LEMUEL *utterly amazed—looking first at one and then at the others.)*

BILLY. Are we too late?

LEMUEL. Wait till I get back on earth! Too late? Too late for what? *(Nobody speaks.)* Speak up!

HIGBEE. *(To* BESSIE) What *is* this, anyway?

BESSIE. You can search me.

TOM. *(Laboriously trying to explain)* When we got into Goldfield this morning we heard that you'd come out here. As soon as we could get some proper clothing we followed you. We knew she was with you.

LEMUEL. That's right.

BILLY. *(Taking it up)* We felt that if you were determined to do it, of course we wouldn't try to prevent it.

FORD. *(Assisting)* They did, however, wish to talk to you before you did it.

LEMUEL. *(Thoroughly mystified, and angry)* Did what?

(They are now too frightened to speak. FRANCES *comes bravely to the front. Walking toward* LEMUEL.)

FRANCES. Why don't you tell him? *(To* LEMUEL) Before you married her.

LEMUEL. *(Rising anger and surprise)* Married her! Married who?

FRANCES. *(Braving it out)* Why—*her. (Indicating* BESSIE.)

BESSIE. *(With a gasp of surprise—*FRANCES *down* L.) *Me!*

LEMUEL. Marry her? Who put that fool idea—

EMILY. Mr. Ford.

LEMUEL. Ford?

(Bus. by FORD, *who goes up stage.)*

EMILY. *(Agitated—much relieved)* Then it isn't true?

LEMUEL. True? No! Do you think I'm a monumental idiot—to elope with a girl young enough to be my daughter?

HIGBEE. Well, all this lays over anything——

BESSIE. *(Decisively)* It's all right, Cal.

LEMUEL. *(Surveying the abashed company in front of him)* I begin to understand. This is a relief expedition. You came out to rescue a poor, weak-minded old man—fallen into clutches of designing female. Of all the pin-headed——

FORD. *(To* L. *of table—laboring to square himself)* You mustn't blame us. We know you'd been attentive to her. You started away in such a hurry —you threatened to do something desperate——

LEMUEL. *(Beginning to see the humor of the situation)* Well—— *(Laughs.)* Ladies and gentlemen, if any of you suspect that there is a love affair between me and Bessie, I'll refer you to Mr. Higbee over there.

HIGBEE. *(Coming to* R.C.*)* And you bet I'm just achin' to say a few words! *(Steps forward.)* Barrin' the ladies—if there is anybody present that wants to insinuate that she ain't good enough for any man that walks the earth, he can get an argument out o' me! What if he did want to marry her? Could you blame him? Is there any reason why he shouldn't marry her?

"Father and the Boys"

See page 119

BILLY. There is certainly no disposition on our part to reflect on Miss Brayton's character—but my father is an old man.

LEMUEL. What? *(Angry.)*

HIGBEE. Oh, he's your father, is he? That explains everything. No wonder you had to look after him.

BILLY. How dare you!

HIGBEE. Well?

LEMUEL. *(Ready to take a good-natured view and thoroughly comprehending the situation)* Calm down, everybody. Mebbe it was my fault, after all. If my distracted relatives have any lingering doubts, I just want to announce that Miss Brayton and Mr. Higbee here are about to get married. He's highly prosperous, as you can tell by looking at him. They're goin' to settle down here in Nevada.

HIGBEE. Yes we are—we're goin' to Niagara Falls!

BESSIE. Oh, Cal!

HIGBEE. Here! *(Pulling diamond from cravat and giving it to* BESSIE) Have that set in a ring. I'm gettin' stoop-shouldered carryin' it around.

BESSIE. *(Delighted—looking at it)* Will I?

EMILY. But, Uncle, why did you——

LEMUEL. Didn't I tell you? I came out here to sell a gold mine. And that reminds me. You have given me the biggest surprise of my life. I think I can give you one just as big. *(Walks over to flap doorway at* L.2 *and pulls it aside.)* Major!

FORD, TOM, BILLY, EMILY *and* FRANCES. *(In unison) Major!*

LEMUEL. Major, come out!

BILLY. Is he here?

LEMUEL. *(Looking into* L.2) He was here. *(Turning to company)* What do you think—he's crawled out under the canvas.

TOM. But what was he——

LEMUEL. *(Down* L.C., L. *of* FORD) I'll tell you about it later on.

(On this line the CLERK *enters* C. *with a number of letters in his hand.)*

CLERK. *(Surprised)* Look here, good people. Can't take care of all of you. If you ladies—— *(Down to* LEMUEL.)

LEMUEL. It's all right. We'll look around the camp. Take luncheon——

CLERK. Take what?

LEMUEL. Luncheon.

CLERK. Dinner, you mean.

LEMUEL. All right—dinner, I mean—then back to Goldfield.

(BILLY *and* FRANCES *have paired off.* EMILY *and* TOM, BESSIE *and* HIGBIE *bus. of confidential talk.)*

CLERK. *(Going* L.1) In honor of the ladies we'll just open a few sardines. *(Exits* L.1.)

HIGBEE. Folks, I won't listen to your hikin' away till I show you some properties here that in the next year will turn out more gold——

LEMUEL. Do you realize, Mr. Higbee, that a gigantic business concern known as Morewood & Sons is afloat on an open sea, without captain, crew, rudder, compass——

TOM. No, it isn't—we've had wires from Holton every day—told him just what to do. *(Bus. of gratification by* LEMUEL.)

LEMUEL. Oh!

BESSIE. Please stay until evening—you must see the Bluebird——

EMILY. I'd love to see a real mining camp.

FRANCES. The Western characters are so picturesque.

LEMUEL. If you want to see the real Western types, stay in New York and go to the theatres.

BESSIE. What do you all say?

LEMUEL. All in favor—aye.

TOM, BILLY, FORD, EMILY *and* FRANCES. *(Together)* Aye!

HIGBEE. That's talkin' some.

BILLY. I'd like to brush up a bit. *(Dusting himself.)*

HIGBEE. *(Crosses* L., *shows* BILLY *door—back to* TOM—*meet him up* R.C.) Sure thing! Come with me. *(Starts* L.I *and indicates.* BILLY *exits* L.I.)

BESSIE. *(To* EMILY *and* FRANCES) I have a room. Will you——

EMILY. *(Going across to* BESSIE—*holding out both hands)* We're going to be friends, aren't we?

BESSIE. Me—at this minute I haven't got an enemy in the world! *(Bus.)*

EMILY. Come, Frances. (FRANCES *follows* EMILY *and* BESSIE *off* R.I.)

FRANCES. *(Crossing)* Oh, what a lark! Wouldn't have missed it for anything!

TOM. I'd like to wash my hands.

LEMUEL. *(To* TOM) Mr. Higbee will escort you to the lavatory.

HIGBEE. In other words, I'll show you where the bucket is. *(Indicating* L.I. *Exits* L.I. TOM *crossing to follow.)*

TOM. *(As he crosses and exits)* I s'pose they have a manicure——

FORD. *(Starting* L., *crossing to door* L.I) I think I'll——

LEMUEL. *(To front of table)* Wait. I'll take the dust out of you!

FORD. *(Turning and facing* LEMUEL *apprehensively)* Morewood, I realize now that we——

LEMUEL. You've known me for twenty-five years —been my lawyer for twenty—and you organized this rescue party. Of all the fool performances——

FORD. I beg your pardon. This has been the most successful excursion that ever left New York. Instead of blaming me, you ought to double my fees this year.

LEMUEL. *(Eagerly—guessing the truth)* What do you mean? Have they——

FORD. If I'm any judge of symptoms, the young people have come to an understanding.

LEMUEL. *(Bus. of delight)* Both of 'em?

FORD. I may be mistaken, but——

LEMUEL. *(Grabbing him by both arms)* Ford, if that's so, I'll be the happiest—— What makes you think so?

FORD. From the very beginning of the trip this threatened calamity seemed to draw them closer together.

LEMUEL. I was the calamity.

FORD. Girls agitated—needed sympathetic attention—boys gave it to them in allopathic doses.

LEMUEL. *(Listening—delighted)* Good!

FORD. I never saw two love affairs come into bloom so beautifully—at every station out walking up and down the platform—tete-a-tete in the dining-car.

LEMUEL. *(Interrupting)* Ford, do you remember what I told you in my office—a month ago? I said I'd put the deal through. Without throwin' too many bouquets at myself, what've I done? I've weaned Billy away from the highfliers—got both the boys interested in the business, put the Major into the discard—made a fortune for Bessie—found a husband for her, and got my two boys engaged to the finest girls in the western hemisphere. *(Pauses.)* Incidentally—I have had a picnic. *(Chuckles at the recollection.)*

(BILLY *walks out from* L.I. LEMUEL *sees him and hurries toward him.)*

FORD. *(L.C.)* Don't blame you for——

LEMUEL. Billy! *(Grabbing him by the hand.)* Have you got anything to tell me?

BILLY. *(L., startled at first)* Yes—when we're alone.

LEMUEL. He knows. *(Referring to* FORD.)

FORD. Not being altogether blind. *(Walks up stage to right of table and looks out* C.*)*

BILLY. *(Holding* LEMUEL'S *hand)* I've always known she was one of the finest girls in the world—but coming out here—her devotion to you—her interest in you—the way she talked about you—I tell you, it was great!

(LEMUEL *is affected to the point of tears—throws his left arm affectionately around* BILLY*—pats him—tries to speak.)*

LEMUEL. Well—let's not—talk about it. *(Turning impulsively to* FORD *and speaking with emphasis)* Ford, I wouldn't trade him for any eight boys in the world! I always said—— *(Pauses.)*

BILLY. If you think so well of me, perhaps you'll do me a favor.

LEMUEL. *(Beaming)* Anything—name it.

BILLY. Promise me that you'll go back home with us and try to—— *(Hesitates.)*

LEMUEL. Settle down and behave myself.

BILLY. That's it.

LEMUEL. All right. I'll go back and help you boys run the business. (BILLY *laughing, crosses to* FORD. TOM *comes out* L.I. LEMUEL *sees him.)* Tommy. *(Going toward him.)* If I wasn't afraid of you, I'd try to throw you down and roll over with you, the way we did twenty years ago. *(Grab-*

bing him. BILLY *has crossed to* FORD. *Bus. of shaking hands.)*

TOM. Now what's the matter?

LEMUEL. *(Shaking him good naturedly)* If you've made a touchdown, don't be ashamed to say so.

TOM. Great grief, Dad—— *(Good-natured bus.)* How did you guess it?

LEMUEL. You didn't suppose you could keep anything like that from me? *(Laughing.)*

TOM. If you think you're happy——

LEMUEL. Happy!

TOM. You're not one, two, three!

LEMUEL. *(With enthusiasm)* We'll all go home.

TOM. Yes—and I want you to promise something.

LEMUEL. All right.

TOM. That you'll stop and wait for the procession to catch up.

LEMUEL. Tommy, I'm going to be a model father. *(Arm about shoulder.)* My boy, listen. (EMILY *enters* R.I.) If I try to say what I want to say——

TOM. Let up! Not before her! *(Indicating* EMILY. LEMUEL *turns and sees her. Hurries toward her.)*

LEMUEL. Emily! *(Bus. embracing and kissing her.)*

EMILY. Oh, Uncle! *(Confused.)* Has he told you?

LEMUEL. *(To* EMILY) From the minute you came into our house to cheer it up—make it a real home for me—I hoped and dreamed—— (FRANCES *enters* R.I *and stops, listens in surprise.)* I don't know as any man's good enough for you—but if you——

EMILY. *(Simply)* Oh, Uncle, he's good enough for any girl.

LEMUEL. He must be all right or a girl like you—

(Sees FRANCES.) Frances! *(He releases* EMILY, *who crosses in front of him to* TOM, *who is waiting at* L., *embarrassed. Bus. by* TOM *and* EMILY *as* LEMUEL *goes to* FRANCES *at* R. LEMUEL *to* FRANCES) I've got a right, and I'll do it! *(Kisses her.)*

FRANCES. Mr. Morewood! He promised not to tell.

LEMUEL. *(Heartily)* He didn't tell—I guessed it.

FRANCES. And it's all right?

LEMUEL. All right? *(Half turning to front.)* Tommy, come here! (TOM *and* EMILY *in confidential and spoony attitude at* L.) Don't be bashful. (LEMUEL *turns and sees* TOM *and* EMILY *together. Looks at them for a moment in dazed surprise and then starts toward them.* BILLY *crosses behind him to join* FRANCES *at* R. LEMUEL *to* TOM.) Didn't you see her come in? *(Turning to indicate* FRANCES *as* BILLY *and* FRANCES *are together.* BILLY *kisses her as* FORD *obligingly turns and looks out of doorway at* C. LEMUEL *stands between the two couples, who ignore him and are oblivious to all surroundings—looking first at one and then at the other—choking with surprise.)* Billy, do you mean to say——

BILLY. Say what, Father?

LEMUEL. *(Recovering)* Oh, never mind. (FORD *has come down stage to* L. *of table as* BESSIE *enters* R., *joining* BILLY *and* FRANCES. LEMUEL, *half to himself, half dazed)* Tommy and Emily—— *(Pause.)* Billy and Frances——

FORD. I told you to let them do their own picking.

LEMUEL. *(To* FORD) What's the difference as long as both of 'em are in the family?

(HIGBEE *enters briskly* L.I.)

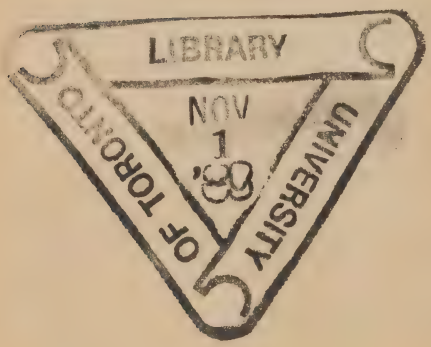
HIGBEE. *(Breaking in)* Ready for the Bluebird?

LEMUEL. Ready? We're ready for anything now!

(With ad lib. bus. of talk and laughter, all except LEMUEL *move toward wide doorway at* C. HIGBEE *crosses to join* BESSIE, *who moves up stage with* FORD *on other side of her.* FRANCES *and* BILLY *together.* EMILY *and* TOM. LEMUEL *watches them, following a step or two. As they exeunt through* C. *and off* R., *he turns, shakes his head, still bewildered—then a broad smile of satisfaction. Puts his white hat on his head at an angle and starts after them.)*

CURTAIN

(The timing of the departure, etc., at discretion of stage manager. Probably important not to have any wait—go quickly to curtain. Possibly better to have curtain while LEMUEL *is still facing down stage.)*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Daddy Long-Legs

A charming comedy in 4 acts, by Jean Webster. 6 males, 7 females, and 6 orphans, but by easy doubling of some characters, may be played by 4 males, 4 females and 3 orphans. The orphans appear only in the first act and may be played by small girls. 4 easy interiors. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

The New York Times wrote the following:

"If you will take your pencil and write down, one below the other, the words delightful, charming, sweet, beautiful and entertaining, and then draw a line and add them up, the answer will be 'Daddy Long-Legs'. To that result you might even add brilliant, pathetic and humorous, but the answer even then would be just what it was before—the play which Miss Jean Webster has made from her book, 'Daddy Long-Legs'. To attempt to describe the simplicity and beauty of 'Daddy Long-Legs' would be like attempting to describe the first breath of Spring after an exceedingly tiresome and hard Winter."

Enjoyed a two-years' run in New York and was then toured for over three years. Royalty, $25.00. Price, 75 cents.

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A hilarious comedy in 3 acts, by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly. 11 males, 3 females. 3 interiors. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

The authors of "Dulcy" have divulged a secret known to every woman—and to some men, though the men don't admit it.

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Helen Hayes played Elsie and Otto Kruger impersonated Leonard in New York, where it ran a whole season. Here's a clean and wholesome play, deliciously funny and altogether a diverting evening's entertainment. Royalty, $25.00. Price, 75 cents.

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